P10-17

NO. 3 DEC.

OUR FLAG COMICS

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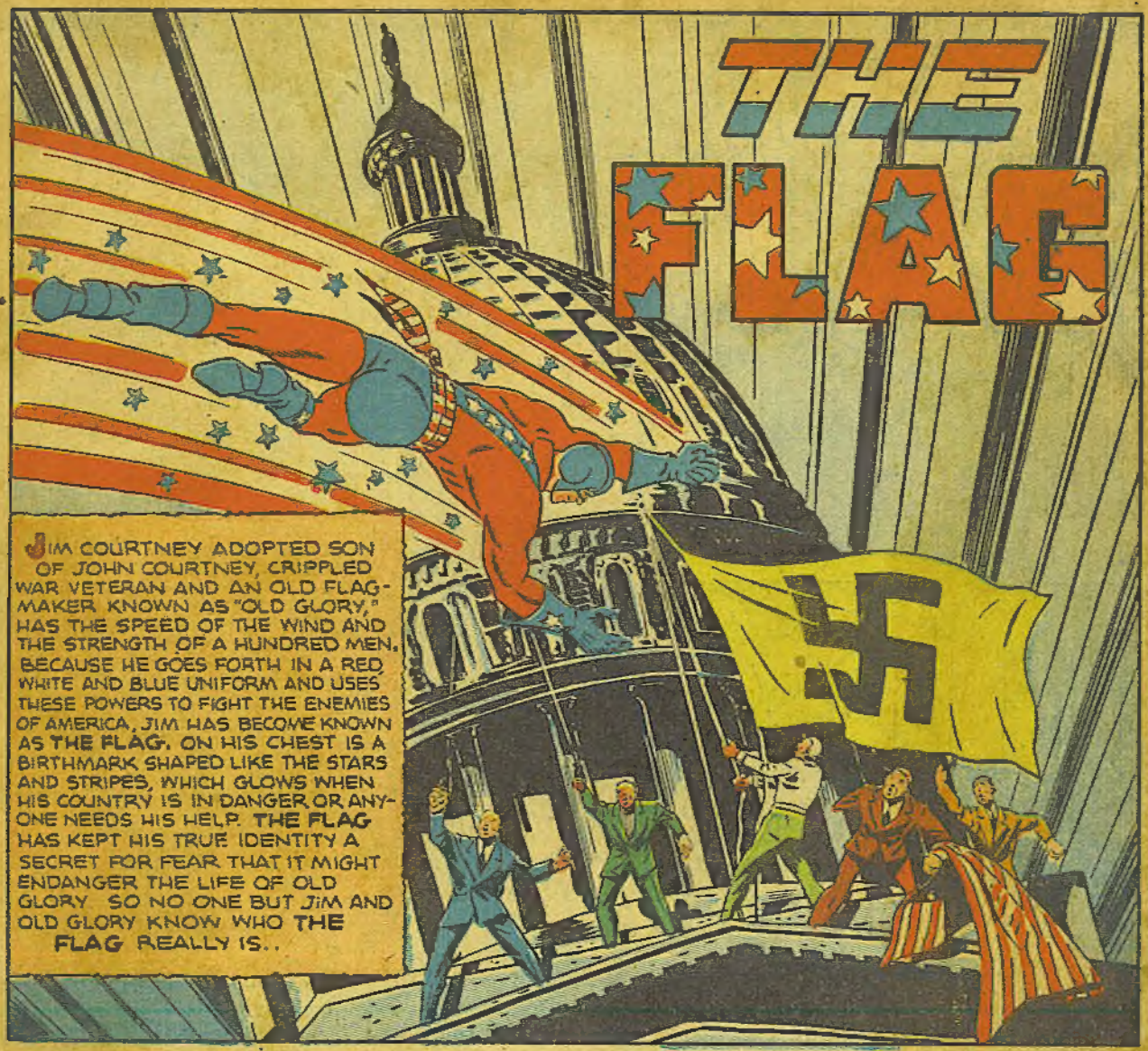

THE FLAG
JIM COURTNEY ADOPTED SON OF JOHN COURTNEY, CRIPPLED WAR VETERAN AND AN OLD FLAG-MAKER KNOWN AS "OLD GLORY," HAS THE SPEED OF THE WIND AND THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN, BECAUSE HE GOES FORTH IN A RED, WHITE AND BLUE UNIFORM AND USES THESE POWERS TO FIGHT THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA, JIM HAS BECOME KNOWN AS THE FLAG. ON HIS CHEST IS A BIRTHMARK SHAPED LIKE THE STARS AND STRIPES, WHICH GLOWS WHEN HIS COUNTRY IS IN DANGER OR ANY-ONE NEEDS HIS HELP. THE FLAG HAS KEPT HIS TRUE IDENTITY A SECRET FOR FEAR THAT IT MIGHT ENDANGER THE LIFE OF OLD GLORY. SO NO ONE BUT JIM AND OLD GLORY KNOW WHO THE FLAG REALLY IS..

IN A SMALL HOTEL IN WASHINGTON, D.C....
SEND THE MANAGER UP TO MY ROOM.

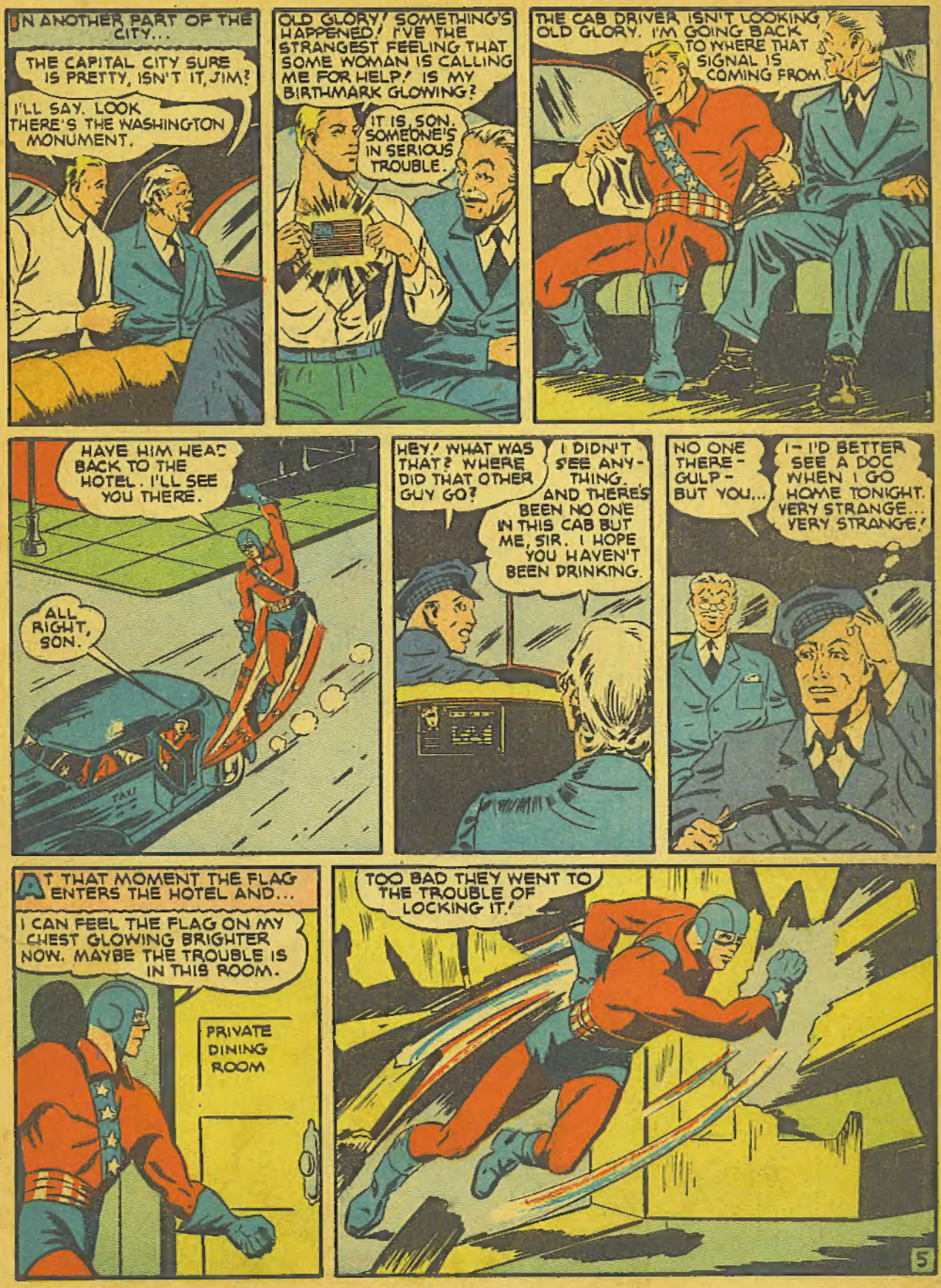
YOU SENT FOR ME, HERR GUHN?
YA! ARE ALL DER GOLD STAR MOTHERS ARRIVED FOR DER CONVENTION?

AND ARE YOU SURE THAT NONE OF DEM SUSPECT DER REASON DAT DEY WERE OFFER-ED FREE ACCOM-ODATIONS AT THIS HOTEL?
NO, MEIN LEADER. NONE OF THE OLD FOOLS SUSPECT THAT THIS HOTEL IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY HEINRICH GUHN, LEADER OF THE FIRST NAZI-AMERICAN SOCIETY, AND THAT WE HAVE SPECIAL PLANS FOR THEM!

THEN PROCEED MIT DER PLANS AND LET ME KNOW WHEN EVERY-THING IS SET FOR OUR VISIT TO DER PRESIDENT!
I WILL DO THAT, HERR GUHN!
ON ANOTHER ROOM OF THE SAME HOTEL ARE OLD GLORY AND JIM.
HOW DOES IT FEEL, OLD GLORY, TO BE COMMISSIONED BY THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS OF AMERICA TO MAKE A SPECIAL FLAG FOR THEM AND PRESENT IT, PERSONALLY, AT THEIR CONVEN-TION THIS AFTERNOON?
I'M MIGHTY PROUD, SON!
WHAT TIME DOES THE CONVENTION START?
THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE THEIR LUNCHEON ANY MINUTE NOW. THEN THEY'RE MAK-ING A SPECIAL MASS VISIT TO THE CAPITOL. THE CONVENTION FORMALLY OPENS TONIGHT.
ON A PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I AM PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF WILL GIVE US A SPECIAL AUDIENCE THIS AFTERNOON, AND...
AS THE SPEAKER CONTINUES, UNNOTICED BY THE HAPPY GOLD STAR MOTHERS, ODORLESS, ALMOST INVISIBLE FUMES POUR FROM THE VENTILATORS OF THE ROOM...
AND AS I SAID BEFORE — SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYONE? THEY'RE ALL FALLING ASLEEP ON ME!
GETTING - KIND OF - DROWSY MYSELF — CAN'T - UNDERSTAND -
AH! OUR SLEEPING GAS WORKED FINE! BIND THEM AND GAG THEM AND LOCK THEM IN HERE. I'LL SEND A COUPLE OF MEN TO GUARD THEM.
2

THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT...
MR. PRESIDENT, THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS ARE HERE.
FINE. I'LL SEE THEM IN THE RECEPTION ROOM.
SORRY, MR. BIG! YOU'LL SEE US RIGHT HERE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
IT - IT'S A MAN IN WOMEN'S CLOTHES. LOOK OUT, MR. PRESIDENT.
SHUT UP!
DON'T YOU TRY ANYTHING, BIG SHOT, OR THERE'LL BE A LITTLE MATTER OF AN ASSASINATION!
IN OTHER PARTS OF THE BUILDING...
SORRY, LADIES, NO ONE IS ALLOWED DOWN HERE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, DEARIE, WE HAVE SPECIAL PASSES RIGHT HERE IN OUR PURSES!
NICE WORK, MAX. NOW LET'S GET ON TO THE WAR OFFICE AND DO OUR REAL BUSINESS!
DON'T LET ANYONE LIVE, IS GUHN'S ORDER!
WAR OFFICE
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE!
HOW DID YOU - ?
DIE, YOU DOGS!
3

BACK IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT..
WE'VE TAKEN OVER HERE ALL RIGHT, HERR GUHN. YOU WANT US TO BUMP OFF MR. PRESIDENT?
NO, VE MIGHT NEED HIM FOR SOMETHING LATER. BUT I VILL FIX HIM SO HE VILL NOT CAUSE DER DISTURBANCE.
YOU MEN HAVEN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!
HEINRICH GUHN THEN PULLS A STRANGE LOOKING PISTOL FROM HIS HANDBAG AND...
A SHOT OF SLEEPING GAS FROM THIS SPECIAL PISTOL VILL DO DER TRICK NICELY!
HE VILL BE OUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS. MEANWHILE LOCK HIM IN DER CLOSET UND VE VILL PROCEED
OKAY, CHIEF!
I REPORT, HERR GUHN, THAT THE WHOLE BUILDING IS NOW IN OUR CONTROL. OUR MEN HAVE TAKEN OVER EVERY DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
EXCELLENT! NOW DER FUN BEGINS!
NOW I, HEINRICH GUHN, SHALL BE PRESIDENT. I SHALL RUN THIS COUNTRY AND BE NUMBER - ONE MAN.
NOT IN THAT GET-UP, YOU WON'T!
DOT ISS NOT COMICAL!
IN AN INSANE FURY, HEINRICH GUHN WHIPS A GUN FROM HIS CLOTHES...
FOR THOSE WHO VOULD MAKE FUN VEN VORK IS TO BE DONE!
UGGGH!
VE VILL HAFF NO MORE - ER - JOKES. GO ROUND TO ALL DER OFFICES UND GIFF VORD DAT DESE CLOTHES HAFF NOW SERVED DER PURPOSE OF GETTING US IN HERE IN PLACE OF DER GOLD STAR MOTHERS. DER CLOTHES VILL NOW BE DISCARDED.
V - YES, HERR GUHN. R - RIGHT AWAY!
4


IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
THE CAPITAL CITY SURE IS PRETTY, ISN'T IT, JIM?
I'LL SAY. LOOK THERE'S THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
OLD GLORY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! I'VE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT SOME WOMAN IS CALLING ME FOR HELP! IS MY BIRTHMARK GLOWING?
IT IS, SON. SOMEONE'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.
THE CAB DRIVER ISN'T LOOKING, OLD GLORY. I'M GOING BACK TO WHERE THAT SIGNAL IS COMING FROM.
HAVE HIM HEAD BACK TO THE HOTEL. I'LL SEE YOU THERE.
ALL RIGHT, SON.
HEY! WHAT WAS THAT? WHERE DID THAT OTHER GUY GO?
I DIDN'T SEE ANY-THING. AND THERE'S BEEN NO ONE IN THIS CAB BUT ME, SIR. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING.
NO ONE THERE - GULP - BUT YOU...
I - I'D BETTER SEE A DOC WHEN I GO HOME TONIGHT. VERY STRANGE... VERY STRANGE!
AT THAT MOMENT THE FLAG ENTERS THE HOTEL AND...
I CAN FEEL THE FLAG ON MY CHEST GLOWING BRIGHTER NOW. MAYBE THE TROUBLE IS IN THIS ROOM.
PRIVATE DINING ROOM
TOO BAD THEY WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF LOCKING IT!
5

IT'S THE FLAG! I KNEW IF I SHOUTED FOR HIM, PRAYED FOR HIM, HE WOULD COME!
HUH???
WHAT'S THIS? THE GOLD STAR MOTHERS, PRISONERS!
I'LL KNOCK SOME OF THE STARS AND STRIPES OUT OF THAT GUY!
THAT'S RIGHT, WASTE YOUR BULLETS!
YOU'RE EXCUSED, PAL!
G-GOSH, THIS GUY'S REALLY TOUGH I'D BETTER STEP ON THE SECRET SIGNAL AND GET MORE HELP!
DON'T FEEL SLIGHTED - YOUR TURN IS COMING
OH, SO YOU LIKE TO SPIN!
A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR YOU, WISE GUY!
OKAY, I'LL TREAT YOU TO A FREE MERRY-GO-ROUND
LET GO BEFORE I GET MAD!
STAND IN THE CORNER, DUNCE!

HOW DID ALL THIS HAPPEN, 'MA'AM?
I-I DON'T KNOW. WE WERE HAVING LUNCH. THE ROOM FILLED UP WITH A SORT OF SWEETISH ODOR AND THEN I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT. I WOKE UP, A PRISONER, WORKED LOOSE MY GAG AND REMEMBERED THAT YOU WILL ANSWER THE CALL OF ANYONE IN TROUBLE, I CRIED OUT!
I'M GLAD YOU DID, MA'AM. SOME OF THE OTHERS ARE REVIVING, TOO. LET'S GET THEM FREE
THIS HOTEL MUST BE RUN BY A LOT OF NAZI SPIES. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT-
GET AWAY FROM THERE!
OHO, HERE COMES THE RESERVES!
THAT SCAR-I-I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE. RALPH! MY SON, RALPH!
HAS SHE GONE NUTS?
RALPH, BOY, DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER? I'M YOUR MA, RALPH. I'M ELSIE SMITH AND YOU'RE RALPH SMITH!
NUTS, LADY. MY NAME'S SCHMIDT. RAOUL SCHMIDT. I AIN'T NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE.
I KNOW I COULDN'T BE MISTAKEN, RALPH. YOU GOT THAT SCAR WHEN YOU WERE A BABY. YOU WERE IN THE LAST WORLD WAR. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE KILLED. BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MISTAKE. DON'T YOU KNOW ME, SON?
OOOH!
YOU'RE OFF YOUR TROLLEY. I WAS BORN IN GERMANY, CAME OVER HERE JUST AFTER THE WAR, AS A SPECIAL AGENT. NOW DON'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE!
BUT MRS. SMITH IS NOT SHAKEN OFF SO EASILY. SHE INSISTS THE SCAR-FACED MAN IS HER SON, AND..
WHY YOU LOWDOWN-
I TOLD YOU YOU WERE BATTY, LADY. NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY WHILE I TEND TO THIS DRESSED UP FREAK.
7

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY PITY EVEN FOR A POOR, OLD DELUDED LADY, RAT?
PUT ME DOWN BEFORE I - HEY, BOYS, GUN THIS NERVY GUY!
LUCKY FOR THAT POOR WOMAN YOU AREN'T HER SON - A SNAKE LIKE YOU!
HEY! WHY DOESN'T HE FALL?
BANG!
IF BULLETS WON'T BRING THAT GUY DOWN I'M NOT BOTHERING WITH HIM!
COME BACK! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
NOTHING DOING - HEY!
STICK AROUND, I SAID.
I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME. WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THIS TRICK, I WANT YOU BOTH TO SPILL WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT OR WE'LL HAVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE.
STOP IT!
EEEYOW! I'M GETTIN' SICK. STOP AND I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
ME - AWWWWK - TOO!
DIZZY AND SICK, THE SPIES TELL OF GUHN'S PLANS...
AND - AND THEN HE'S GONNA ISSUE PHONY ORDERS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT, AND TAKE OVER GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO, SO THE PEOPLE WON'T GET ANY NEWS FROM ABROAD!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! NOW STAND THERE NICE AND STILL AND I'LL GET RID OF THAT DIZZYNESS FOR YOU...
T-THANKS!
...AND GIVE YOU DARKNESS INSTEAD.
SOCK!
CRACK!
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU TO FREE THE OTHERS AND CALL THE POLICE, MRS. SMITH. IF WHAT THOSE RATS SAID IS TRUE, I'VE GOT TO HOP RIGHT OVER TO THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!
AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE NOW NAZI-CONTROLLED OFFICES...
YOU USED TO BE A STAR IMPERSONATOR IN DER BEER HALLS OF BERLIN, FRITZ. NOW GET TO DER MIKES AND IMPERSONATE DER PRESIDENT OF DER U.S.!
VERY SIMPLE... WATCH ME FOOL THE PEOPLE!
THEN PERFECTLY COPYING THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE, GUHN'S HENCHMAN BROADCASTS ON A SPECIALLY COMMANDED NATION-WIDE HOOKUP...
MY FRIENDS, I NOW BRING YOU THE NEWS YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR. PEACE HAS BEEN DECLARED BETWEEN GERMANY AND ENGLAND!
IN MILLIONS OF HOMES THE FALSE SPEECH IS RECEIVED WITH WILD JOY...
AND SO ALL DEFENSE PRODUCTION WILL HALT. ALL DRAFTED MEN WILL BE RELEASED FROM SERVICE. THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR SUCH PREPARATIONS, AND...
WHOOPEE!
I'M SO HAPPY I COULD CRY!
ON STREET CORNERS, IN CITIES AND HAMLETS, IN POOL-ROOMS, LIMOUSINES, BOARDING HOUSES - EVERYWHERE - THE FALSE PEACE ANNOUNCEMENT CREATES A SENSATION FOR DELUDED AMERICA...

HEINRICH GUHN AND HIS NAZI-AMERICAN SOCIETY LOSE NO TIME IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SET-UP AT ARMY FORTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY...
THIS ARMY LIFE WAS SWELL, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO MY FOLKS AND MY JOB
YEP, THIS IS THE BIG EXIT. OVER TEN THOUSAND OF US GUYS HAVE LEFT HERE AL-READY TONIGHT.
AND AS SOON AS THE FORTS ARE CLEARED, GUHN'S MEN MOVE IN...
OKAY, MEN. GO ON IN AND TAKE OVER. ALL THAT SWELL EQUIPMENT IS WAITING RIGHT THERE FOR US TO USE.
FORT
MEANWHILE, BACK IN WASHINGTON...
UND AS SOON AS DER U. S. NAVY SHIPS ARE EMPTIED OF AMERICAN SEAMEN, AS PER MEIN ORDERS, HAVE OUR MEN TAKE COM-MAND AND HEAD TO SEA!
BACK AT THE HOTEL.....
IT WAS NICE OF YOU, LADY, TO TELL THE COPS I WAS HELPING YOU AGAINST THE OTHER GUYS, AND KEEP ME FREE.
I HAD TO DO IT, RALPH. YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MEMORY OR SOMETHING, AND IF I-
SOME OTHER TIME, OLD DAME. THIS WAS JUST THE BREAK I NEEDED!
OOH! RALPH!
RALPH! HOW CAN YOU GO BACK TO THOSE SPIES? YOU FOUGHT FOR THIS COUNTRY. YOU WERE BORN HERE! SON, COME BACK!
GET A SOAPBOX, LADY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YEAH, HERR GUHN, AND I THINK THAT FLAG GUY IS HEADING FOR YOUR OFFICE NOW.
COME RIGHT UP HERE AND TELL ME DER WHOLE THING, YOU BUNGLING FOOL! VE'LL TAKE CARE OF DER FLAG!

AS THE FLAG ARRIVES AT THE CAPITOL...
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING SPECIAL IS GOING ON, ALL RIGHT. LOOK AT THAT MOB TRYING TO GET IN!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT. THIS IS THE BIGGEST NEWS SINCE THE FIRST WORLD WAR ARMISTICE!
BACK! NO ONE IS TO BE ADMITTED INSIDE THE BUILDING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
LISTEN, EVERYBODY! YOU'RE BEING FOOLED. THAT PEACE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS A HOAX. NAZI AGENTS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CAPITOL, AND...
BOLOGNA! BACK TO THE NUTHOUSE, BROTHER!
YOU'VE BEEN HAVING NIGHTMARES, BROTHER!
THROW THE BUM OUT!
HEY! WHO IS THAT GUY?
IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME, I'LL SHOW YOU!
COME BACK! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO...
HERE HE COMES. WE'LL STOP HIM RIGHT HERE AND NOW!
THAT SPECIAL HIGH COMPRESSION BOMB WILL BLOW HIM TO SMITHEREENS!
THAT FLAG WON'T WAVE ANYMORE!
CAUGHT UNAWARES, THE FLAG RECEIVES THE FULL FORCE OF THE BOMB!

LEFT FOR DEAD WHERE HE HAS FALLEN UNDER SHRUBBERY, THE FLAG LIES FOR TWO DAYS IN A COMA, SCARCELY BREATHING.
SUDDENLY A VISION APPEARS OVER HIS UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE...
THIS COUNTRY NEEDS THE SERVICE OF THE FLAG. ARISE!
OUR ARMY AND NAVY ARE IN ENEMY HANDS. AMERICAN GUNS AND EQUIPMENT ARE BEING TURNED ON AMERICAN MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
A DISASTER HAS STRUCK AMERICA. WE HEREBY GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LIFE, YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR SPECIAL POWERS. GO AND DESTROY THE SPIES AND TRAITORS!
THE VISION VANISHES AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I FEEL AS THOUGH I'D BEEN ASLEEP - AND THAT DREAM - NOW I REMEMBER. GUHN - THE CAPITAL CAPTURED - GOT TO GET BUSY!
THERE GOES THE FLAG. MAYBE HE CAN SAVE OUR COUNTRY!
I FEAR IT IS TOO LATE!
WHILE IN TOWNS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, SCENES SIMILAR TO THIS ARE BEING ENACTED:

WHAT I'M ENJOYING ABOUT THIS IS THAT WE'RE USING THEIR OWN WEAPONS TO CAPTURE THESE AMERICAN TOWNS!
YEAH, WE'LL PRETTY SOON HAVE THE WHOLE COUNTRY TAKEN OVER!
SUDDENLY, A BAND OF VOLUNTEER AMERICANS BREAKS THROUGH THE CROWD, FOOLISHLY, BUT VALIANTLY ATTACKS THE ARMED FORCES OF THE ENEMY...
THEY'VE GOT ALL OUR ARMS AND EQUIPMENT, BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE OUR COURAGE! CHARGE!
DER ATTACK ISS TOO SUDDEN, TOO VICIOUS. VE MUST FALL BACK AND DEN STAND DEM OFF!
WE'RE LICKING THEM, MEN! FIGHT ON!
BUT AS THE NAZIS RETREAT TO COVER AND THEN OPEN FIRE, THE SMALL BAND OF VOLUNTEERS ARE SLAUGHTERED.
LOOK! TH - THE FLAG! UNDER COVER! RUN!
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
HALLUP!!
13

TOSSING LEAD AT ME, EH?
I'LL RETURN THE COMPLIMENT - WITH TANKS!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW TRICK TO PLAY WITH THESE 75'S
SOME FUN!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT UNIT. BUT HEINRICH GUHN MUST HAVE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IT WILL TAKE ME WEEKS TO GET THEM ALL TOGETHER AND BREAK THIS THING UP.
I'VE GOT TO GET THEM ALL TOGETHER SOME WAY AND TAKE CARE OF THEM ALL AT ONCE... FIRST THING TO DO IS TO GET GUHN OUT OF POWER.
ON A FEW MINUTES THE FLAG STREAKS BACK INTO WASHINGTON, D.C., AND STRAIGHT TO THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.
THE FLAG! I THOUGHT HE WAS- WAS-
NO, I'M NOT DEAD GUHN. YOU AND YOUR NAZIS CAN'T KILL THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN NATION. AND THAT'S THE POWER BEHIND ME!
HELP! HELP!
THE GREAT IMPERSONATION IS FINISHED, GUHN. YOUR TIME IS UP!
DID YOU CALL US, HERR GUHN? LOOK! THE FLAG'S GOT OUR LEADER!
14

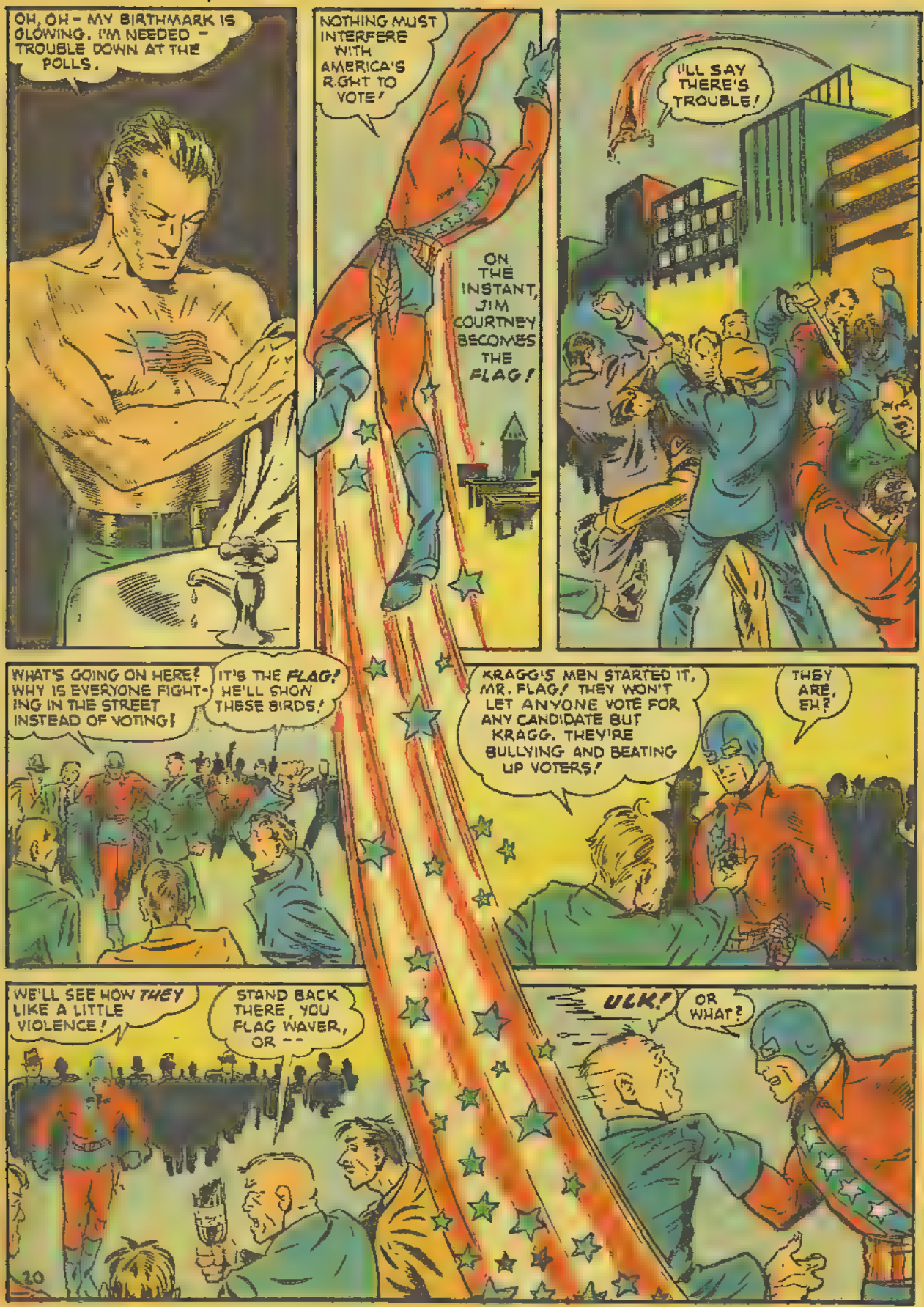
FIRST I'VE GOT TO MOP UP A BIT!
OWWWCH!
HAVE MERCY!
ALL RIGHT. I'LL LET ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
I - I'VE SHOT THE LEADER BY MISTAKE!
I THOUGHT I TOOK CARE OF YOU ONCE BEFORE THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE!
BUT INSTEAD OF BEING KNOCKED OUT, THE SCAR-FACED MAN UNDERGOES AN AMAZING CHANGE
HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE AM I? IS-IS THE WORLD WAR OVER?
ONE QUESTION AT A TIME. IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE MRS SMITH WAS RIGHT. YOU ARE HER SON, RALPH. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HURT IN THE WORLD WAR AND LOST YOUR MEMORY.
I - I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
SWIFTLY, THE FLAG EXPLAINS ALL TO THE NOW AWAKENED, BUT BEWILDERED MAN...
AND I WAS ONE OF THOSE RATS! AND - AND MY POOR OLD MOTHER! HOW CAN I MAKE UP FOR ALL THAT, FLAG?
BY HELPING ME!
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL THE REST OF THIS GANG THAT YOU AND I HAVE COMBINED AND ARE TAKING OVER, THAT THAT IS ALL I WAS AFTER. YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BOSS NOW THAT GUHN IS DEAD!
I THINK I GET IT NOW!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
-AND I HEREBY ORDER ALL OUR FORCES TO COME TO SOUTH PLAINS, VIRGINIA, FOR A GIANT RALLY AND TO MEET YOUR NEW LEADERS IN PERSON!
THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

A FEW DAYS AFTERWARD...
MY SPEECH WILL BE BRIEF. YOU MEN WERE BROUGHT HERE BECAUSE YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER. WE HAVE TRICKED YOU JUST AS YOU TRICKED THE NATION.
THE NEW LEADER IS JOKING!
YOU THINK SO? THE WATCH THIS!
SAVE US! A CYCLONE HAS STRUCK
WE SURRENDER! WE SURRENDER!
SMART BOYS! A REGIMENT OF U S SOLDIERS WHO GRABBED BACK THEIR EQUIPMENT AS SOON AS YOU BIRDS LEFT, IS ON ITS WAY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!
WITH GUNH DEAD AND ALL HIS FOLLOWERS IN CUSTODY, ORDER IS RESTORED IN THE CAPITAL AND THE NATION ....
MRS SMITH IS HAPPILY RE-UNITED WITH THE SON SHE THOUGHT HAD BEEN LOST FOREVER.....
I'M SO HAPPY, SON!
I'LL BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, NOW, MOTHER!
AND AS THE CONVENTION OF GOLD STAR MOTHERS HOLDS A DELAYED OPENING...
HOORAY FOR OLD GLORY! THREE CHEERS!
YOU WARM THE HEART OF THIS WEARY OLD WAR VETERAN, LADIES!
OLD WAR VETERAN, EH? FROM WHAT I HEARD YOU ACTED LIKE A PRETTY YOUNG SPROUT WHEN YOU WENT TO THAT HOTEL AND CLEANED UP THE JOINT FOR THE WAY THEY TREATED THOSE WOMEN!
OH, PSHAW! JUST GOSSIP - HARRUMPH!
BOOK ON THE VERY NEXT PAGE FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF "THE FLAG!"

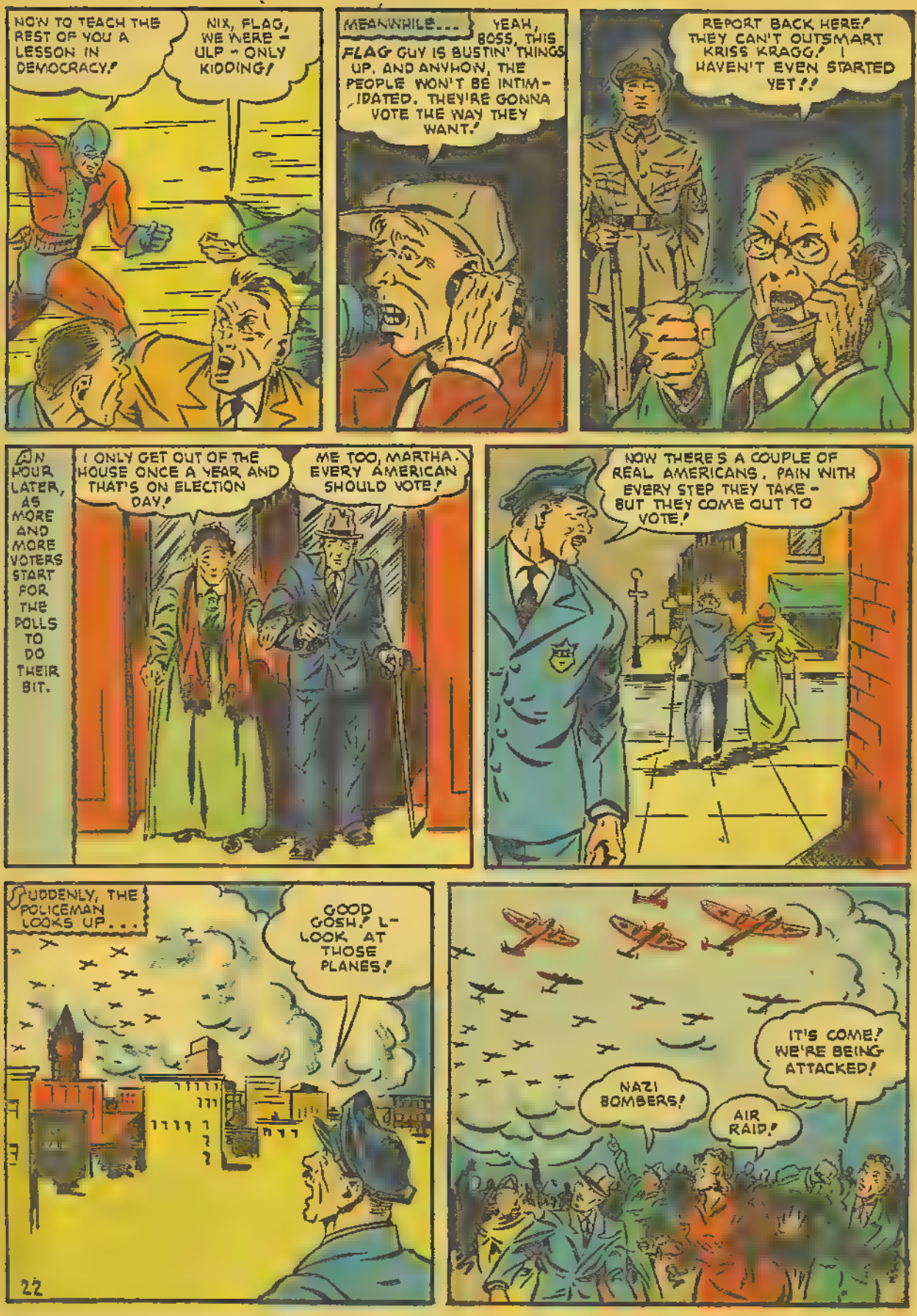
BORN WITH A CHEST BIRTH-MARK RESEMBLING THE AMERICAN FLAG, JIM COURTNEY, ADOPTED SON OF JOHN COURTNEY, AN OLD FLAG-MAKER AND WAR VETERAN KNOWN AS "OLD GLORY," HAS BEEN ENDOWED BY THE IMMORTALS OF U.S HISTORY WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN AND THE SPEED OF THE WIND. WHEN TRAITORS SEEK TO DESTROY OUR COUNTRY, JIM DONS THE SPECIAL PATRIOTIC UNIFORM MADE FOR HIM BY "OLD GLORY" AND GOES FORTH AS THAT HARD-HITTING, PATRIOTIC AVENGER, TO CRUSH AND DESTROY THEM! **THE FLAG**

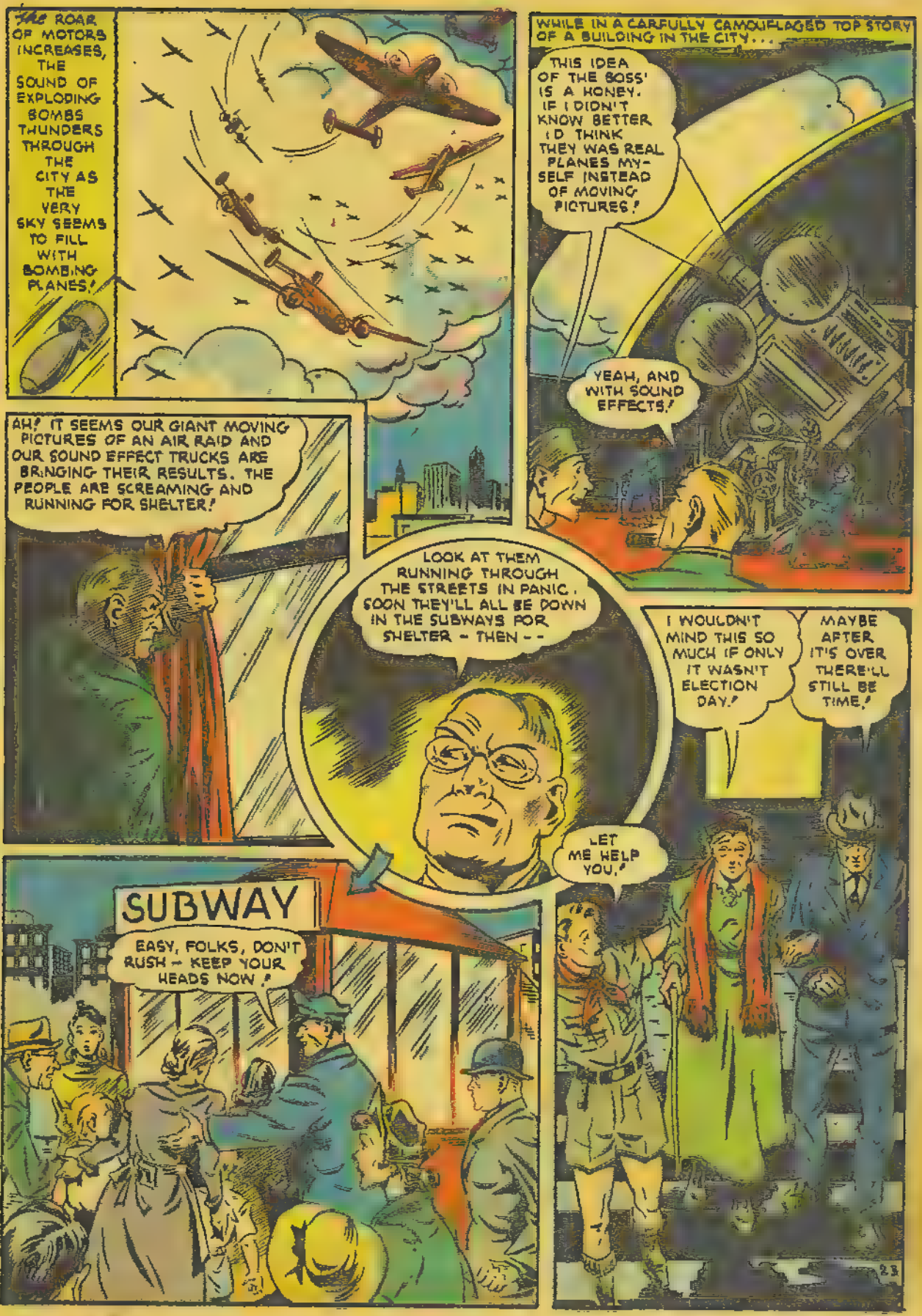
EARLY ON ELECTION DAY MORNING.
I THINK IT'S SWELL THAT YOU'RE GOING TO WORK AT THE POLLS THIS YEAR, OLD GLORY.
YES, JIM, THIS IS ONE DAY EVERYONE IS GLAD HE'S AN AMERICAN!
I HOPE TO LORDY, THAT FELLOW, KRAGG, DOESN'T GET IN, JIM. HE'S A BIG-TIME FIFTH COLUMNIST IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.
THE PEOPLE WON'T PUT A MAN LIKE THAT IN THE GOVERNOR'S SEAT!
ELECT
KRAGG FOR GOVERNOR
POLLS
SO LONG.
SEE YOU LATER!
JUST BEFORE THE POLLS OPEN, OLD GLORY IS AT HIS POST GUARDING THE VOTING BOOTH.
WHY, YOU OLD FOSSIL, THAT GUY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! OUR PARTY'S GOING TO HAVE THE NEXT GOVERNOR, AND FURTHERMORE--
I TELL YOU, YOU OLD GOAT, WHEN THE RETURNS COME IN OUR CANDIDATE WILL HAVE A HALF A MILLION MAJORITY!
HEY, OLD TIMERS, CUT OUT THE NOISE THE POLLS ARE ABOUT TO OPEN. LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE YOUR ARGUMENT!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT AN ELECTIONEERING BOUNDARY LINE NEARBY.
SORRY, BUDDY, YOU'RE INSIDE THE BOUNDARY LINE. YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ALONG.
BUT OFFICER--
KRAGG'S MEN ARE VIOLATING THE BOUNDARY RULES ALL THE TIME. WE HAVE TO DO THE SAME OR--
THEY DO, DO THEY- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
YOU GUYS OBSERVE THE BOUNDARY RULES OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!
A WISE FLATFOOT, EH! I OUGHT TO--
CUT THAT, SLUG! DO AS HE SAYS. I GOT AN IDEA!

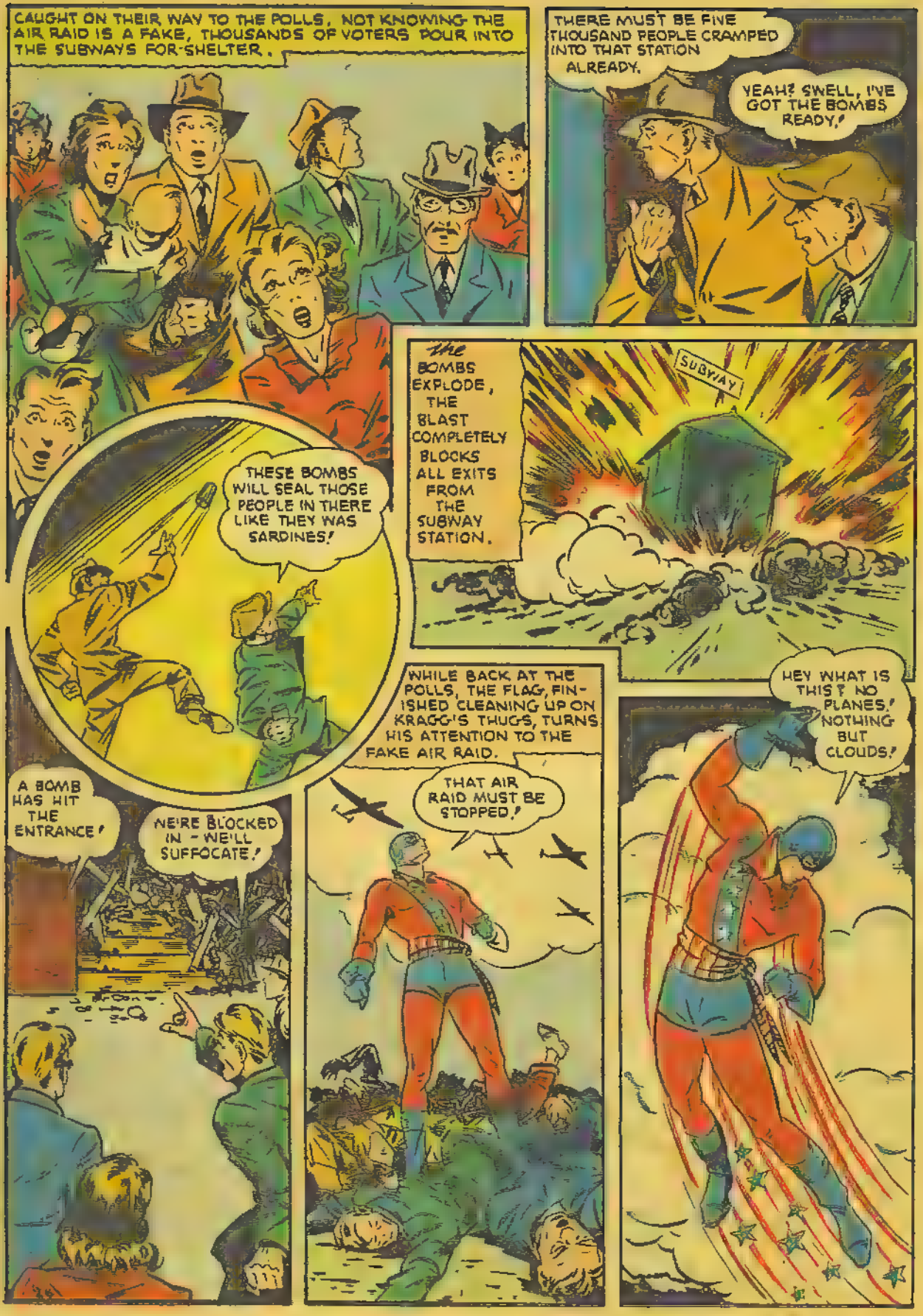
WE GOTTA DO MORE THAN JUST TALK TO THESE DUMB VOTERS. LET'S GET AROUND THE CORNER AND GO TO TOWN ON SOME OF THE DOPES!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
WHO YOU GONNA VOTE IN FOR GOVERNOR, MACK?
WHY - WHY, MY CANDIDATE IS MONTGOMERY, I THINK --
NO YOU AIN'T, PAL!
YOU'RE VOTIN' FOR KRISS KRAGG, SEE - OR ELSE!
BUT I--I--YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I---
SHUT UP! YOU'D WASTE YOUR VOTE ON ANYONE ELSE, FATTY! US KRAGG MEN ARE SEEIN' THAT KRAGG GETS ELECTED, SEE!
YOU CAN'T BULLY ME! I- I'M AN AMERICAN! IF WE CAN'T VOTE THE WAY WE LIKE, WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP OUR COUNTRY! KRAGG IS A TRAITOROUS FOREIGN SYMPATHIZER! YOU CAN KILL ME - BUT I'LL VOTE THE WAY I WANT!
MAYBE THAT'LL CHANGE YOUR TUNE, TOUGH GUY!
WHAT'RE WE STANDING BY FOR FOLKS! LET'S GANG UP ON THESE HOODLUMS!
GET BACK! GET BACK, OR YOU'LL ALL GET AN IN-JECTION OF HOT LEAD!
LOOK OUT! THEY'VE GOT GUNS!
OOH!
THESE BULLIES MUST BE STOPPED! WHERE IS THE FLAG? IF ONLY THE FLAG WERE HERE!

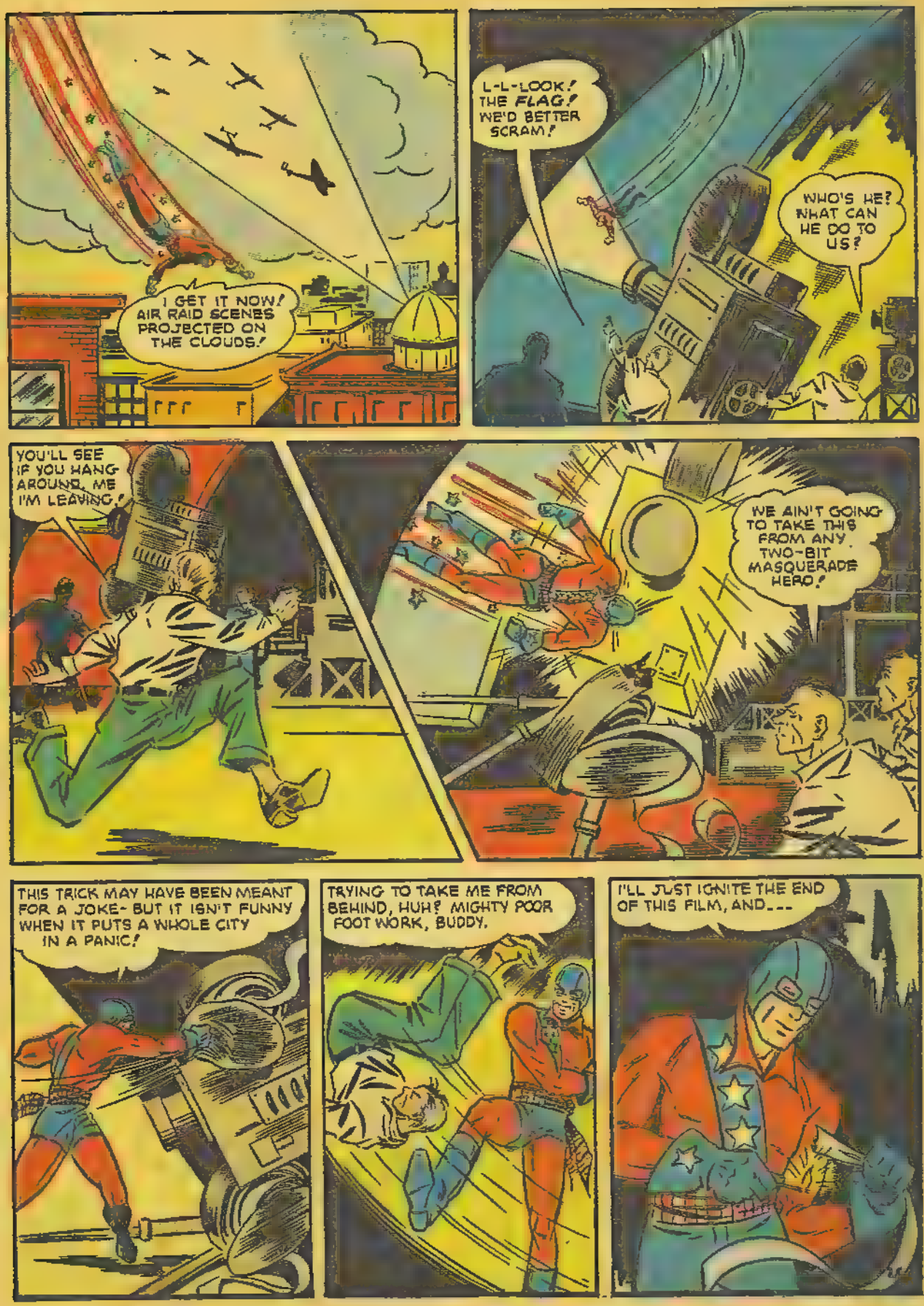

OH, OH - MY BIRTHMARK IS GLOWING. I'M NEEDED - TROUBLE DOWN AT THE POLLS.
NOTHING MUST INTERFERE WITH AMERICA'S RIGHT TO VOTE!
ON THE INSTANT, JIM COURTNEY BECOMES THE FLAG!
I'LL SAY THERE'S TROUBLE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY IS EVERYONE FIGHTING IN THE STREET INSTEAD OF VOTING!
IT'S THE FLAG! HE'LL SHOW THESE BIRDS!
KRAGG'S MEN STARTED IT, MR. FLAG! THEY WON'T LET ANYONE VOTE FOR ANY CANDIDATE BUT KRAGG. THEY'RE BULLYING AND BEATING UP VOTERS!
THEY ARE, EH?
WE'LL SEE HOW THEY LIKE A LITTLE VIOLENCE!
STAND BACK THERE, YOU FLAG WAVER, OR --
ULK!
OR WHAT?
20

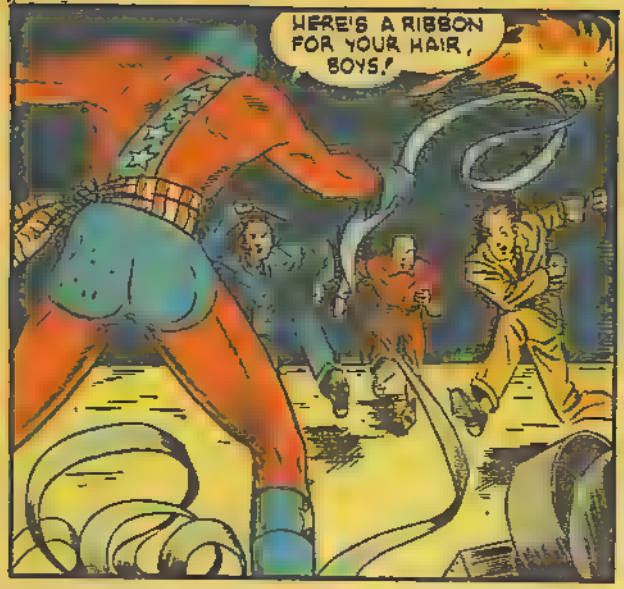
VOTE FOR KRISS KRAGG
GO TO YOUR MASTER, DOG!
VOTE FOR KRISS KRAGG
OKAY, MUGS - COME AND GET IT!
GANG UP ON HIM! HE CAN'T LICK THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US!
STOP ME IF YOU'VE SEEN THIS ONE!
I'D BETTER SNEAK OFF AND REPORT TO THE BOSS!
THIS RIDE IS JUST BEGINNING - HANG ON!
I - I'LL SUE!
HEL-L-LP!
21


NOW TO TEACH THE REST OF YOU A LESSON IN DEMOCRACY!
NIX, FLAG, WE WERE - ULP - ONLY KIDDING!
MEANWHILE...
YEAH, BOSS, THIS FLAG GUY IS BUSTIN' THINGS UP. AND ANYHOW, THE PEOPLE WON'T BE INTIMIDATED. THEY'RE GONNA VOTE THE WAY THEY WANT.
REPORT BACK HERE! THEY CAN'T OUTSMART KRISS KRAGG! I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET!!
AN HOUR LATER, AS MORE AND MORE VOTERS START FOR THE POLLS TO DO THEIR BIT.
I ONLY GET OUT OF THE HOUSE ONCE A YEAR AND THAT'S ON ELECTION DAY!
ME TOO, MARTHA. EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD VOTE!
NOW THERE'S A COUPLE OF REAL AMERICANS. PAIN WITH EVERY STEP THEY TAKE - BUT THEY COME OUT TO VOTE!
SUDDENLY, THE POLICEMAN LOOKS UP...
GOOD GOSH! L-LOOK AT THOSE PLANES!
NAZI BOMBERS!
IT'S COME! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
AIR RAID!
22

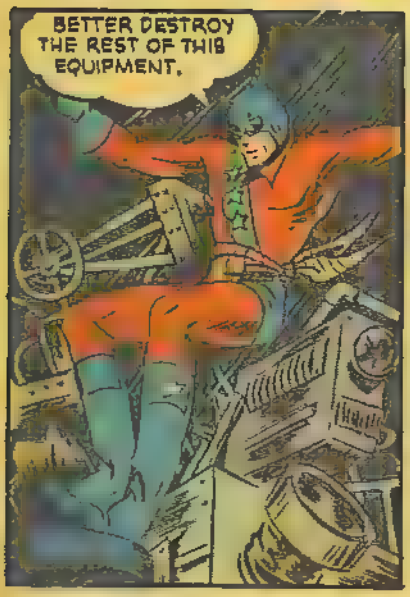

THE ROAR OF MOTORS INCREASES, THE SOUND OF EXPLODING BOMBS THUNDERS THROUGH THE CITY AS THE VERY SKY SEEMS TO FILL WITH BOMBING PLANES!
WHILE IN A CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED TOP STORY OF A BUILDING IN THE CITY...
THIS IDEA OF THE BOSS' IS A HONEY. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D THINK THEY WAS REAL PLANES MYSELF INSTEAD OF MOVING PICTURES!
YEAH, AND WITH SOUND EFFECTS!
AH! IT SEEMS OUR GIANT MOVING PICTURES OF AN AIR RAID AND OUR SOUND EFFECT TRUCKS ARE BRINGING THEIR RESULTS. THE PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING AND RUNNING FOR SHELTER!
LOOK AT THEM RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS IN PANIC. SOON THEY'LL ALL BE DOWN IN THE SUBWAYS FOR SHELTER - THEN - -
I WOULDN'T MIND THIS SO MUCH IF ONLY IT WASN'T ELECTION DAY!
MAYBE AFTER IT'S OVER THERE'LL STILL BE TIME!
LET ME HELP YOU!
SUBWAY
EASY, FOLKS, DON'T RUSH - KEEP YOUR HEADS NOW!
23

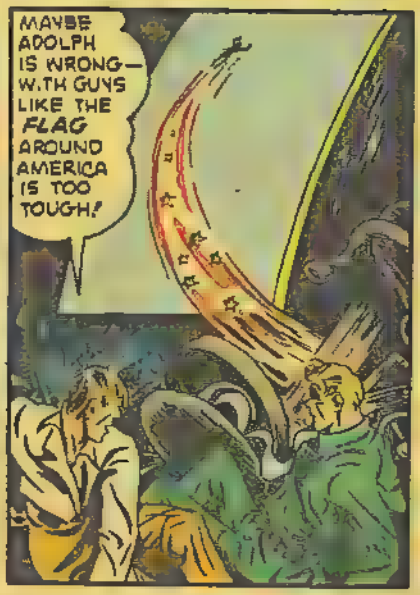

CAUGHT ON THEIR WAY TO THE POLLS, NOT KNOWING THE AIR RAID IS A FAKE, THOUSANDS OF VOTERS POUR INTO THE SUBWAYS FOR SHELTER.
THERE MUST BE FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE CRAMPED INTO THAT STATION ALREADY.
YEAH? SWELL, I'VE GOT THE BOMBS READY!
THESE BOMBS WILL SEAL THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE LIKE THEY WAS SARDINES!
THE BOMBS EXPLODE, THE BLAST COMPLETELY BLOCKS ALL EXITS FROM THE SUBWAY STATION.
SUBWAY
WHILE BACK AT THE POLLS, THE FLAG, FINISHED CLEANING UP ON KRAGG'S THUGS, TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE FAKE AIR RAID.
THAT AIR RAID MUST BE STOPPED!
A BOMB HAS HIT THE ENTRANCE!
WE'RE BLOCKED IN - WE'LL SUFFOCATE!
HEY WHAT IS THIS? NO PLANES! NOTHING BUT CLOUDS!

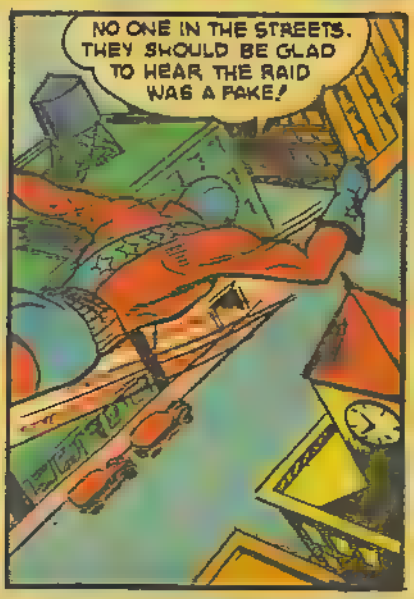

I GET IT NOW! AIR RAID SCENES PROJECTED ON THE CLOUDS!
L-L-LOOK! THE FLAG! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
WHO'S HE? WHAT CAN HE DO TO US?
YOU'LL SEE IF YOU HANG AROUND, ME I'M LEAVING!
WE AIN'T GOING TO TAKE THIS FROM ANY TWO-BIT MASQUERADE HERO!
THIS TRICK MAY HAVE BEEN MEANT FOR A JOKE- BUT IT ISN'T FUNNY WHEN IT PUTS A WHOLE CITY IN A PANIC!
TRYING TO TAKE ME FROM BEHIND, HUH? MIGHTY POOR FOOT WORK, BUDDY.
I'LL JUST IGNITE THE END OF THIS FILM, AND...


HERE'S A RIBBON FOR YOUR HAIR, BOYS!

WOW! OUCH!
LET ME OUT'A HERE!


BETTER DESTROY THE REST OF THIS EQUIPMENT.

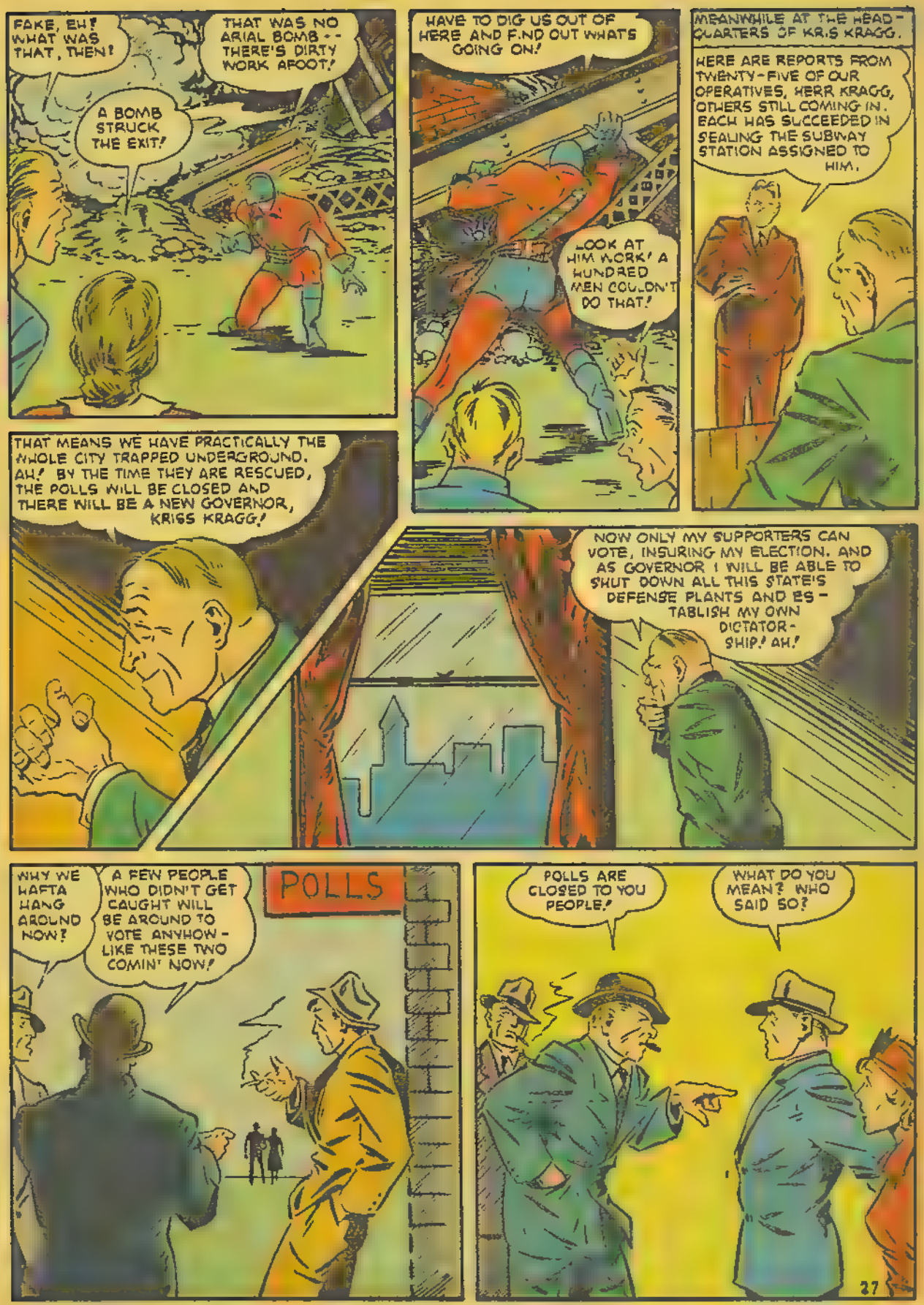

MAYBE ADOLPH IS WRONG—W.TH GUYS LIKE THE FLAG AROUND AMERICA IS TOO TOUGH!


NO ONE IN THE STREETS. THEY SHOULD BE GLAD TO HEAR THE RAID WAS A FAKE!

HOLD IT! THERE GOES THAT PEST, THE FLAG!
SWELL, THIS BOMB WILL TRAP HIM INS.DE TOO! MAYBE KRAGG WILL PROMOTE US!
30

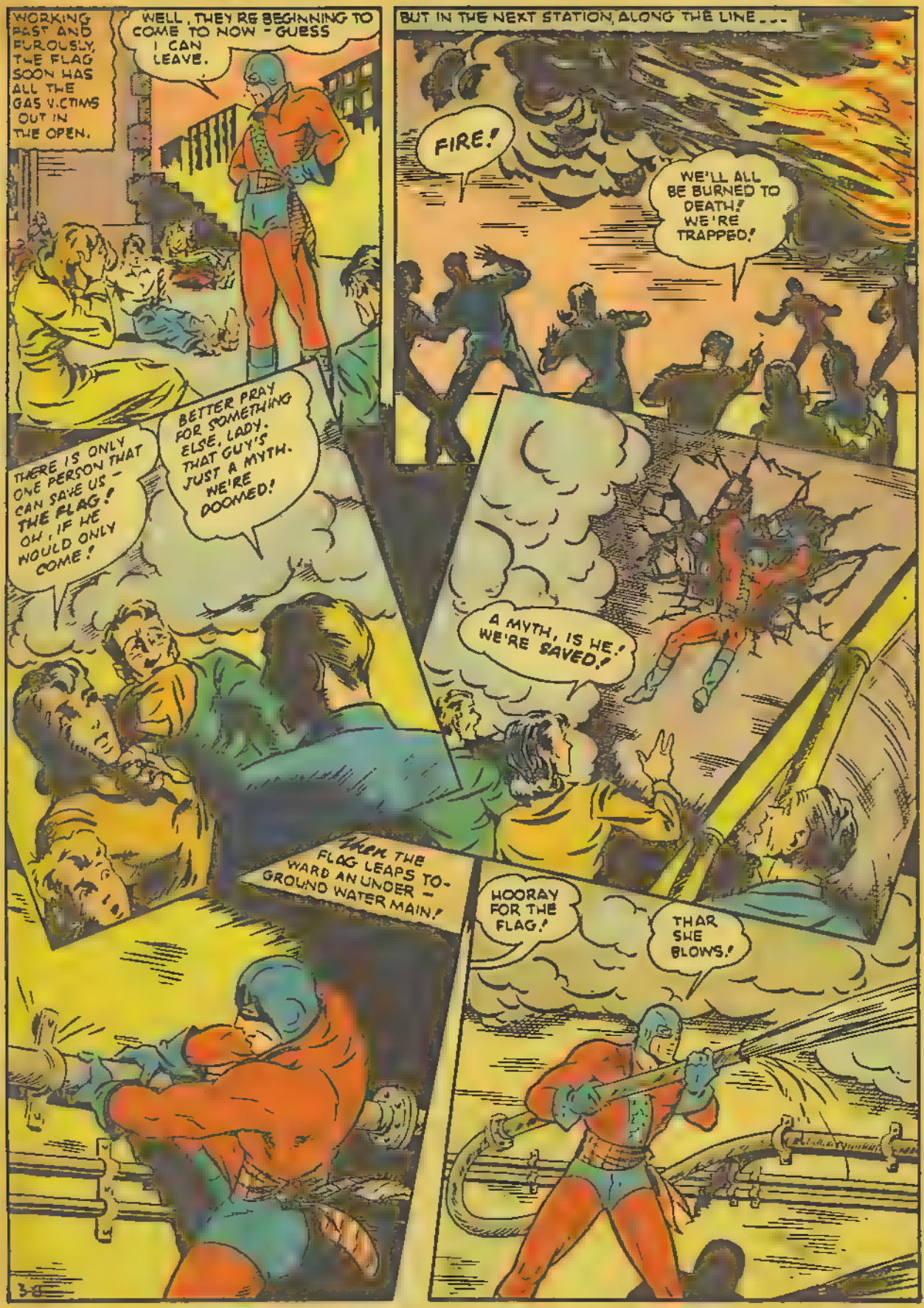
GOOD NEWS, EVERYONE! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW AND GO ON WITH YOUR VOTING. THE RAID WAS A FAKE!
HOORAY! IT'S THE FLAG!

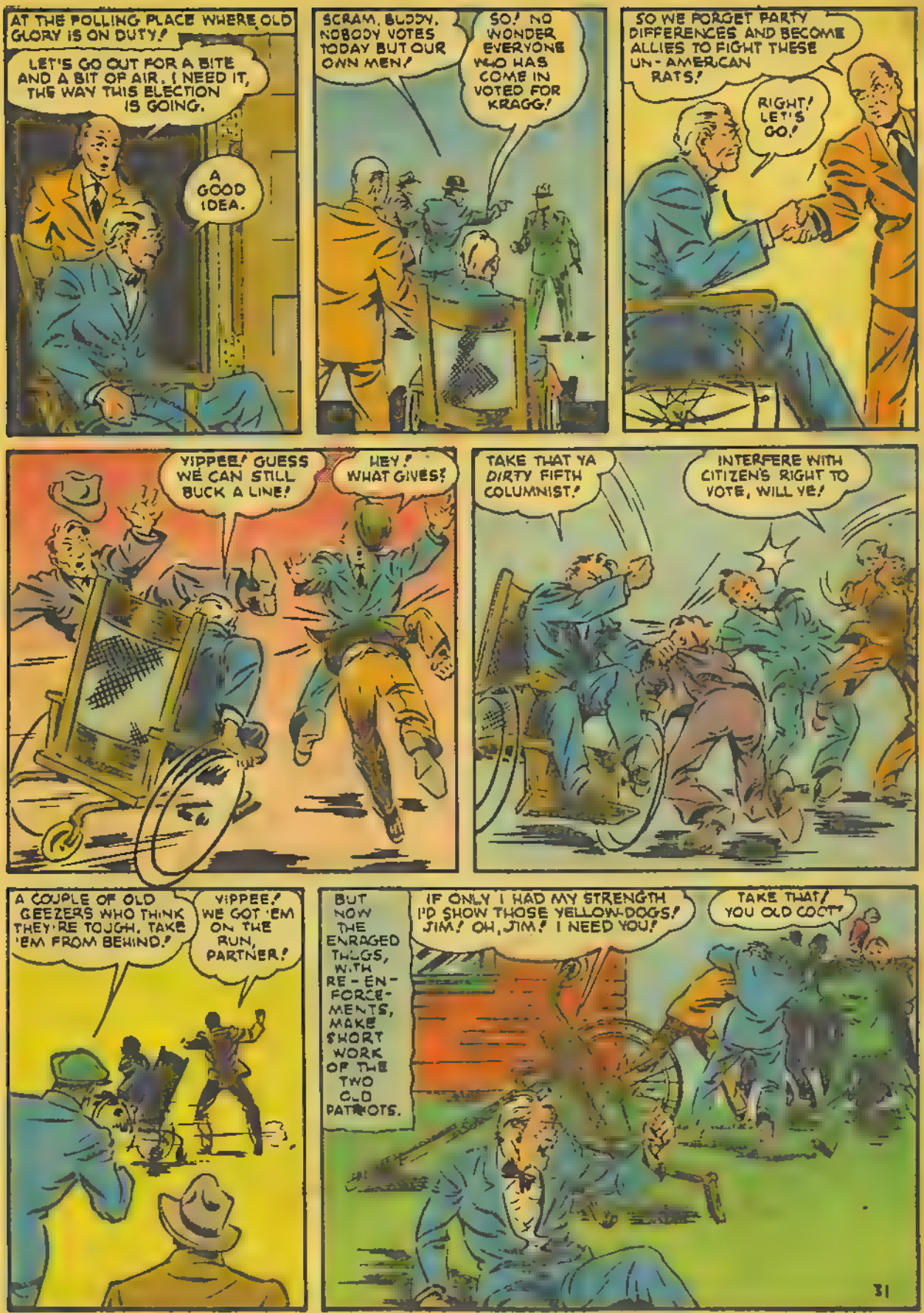
BUT AT THAT MOMENT KRAGG'S MEN HURL THEIR BOMBS.....

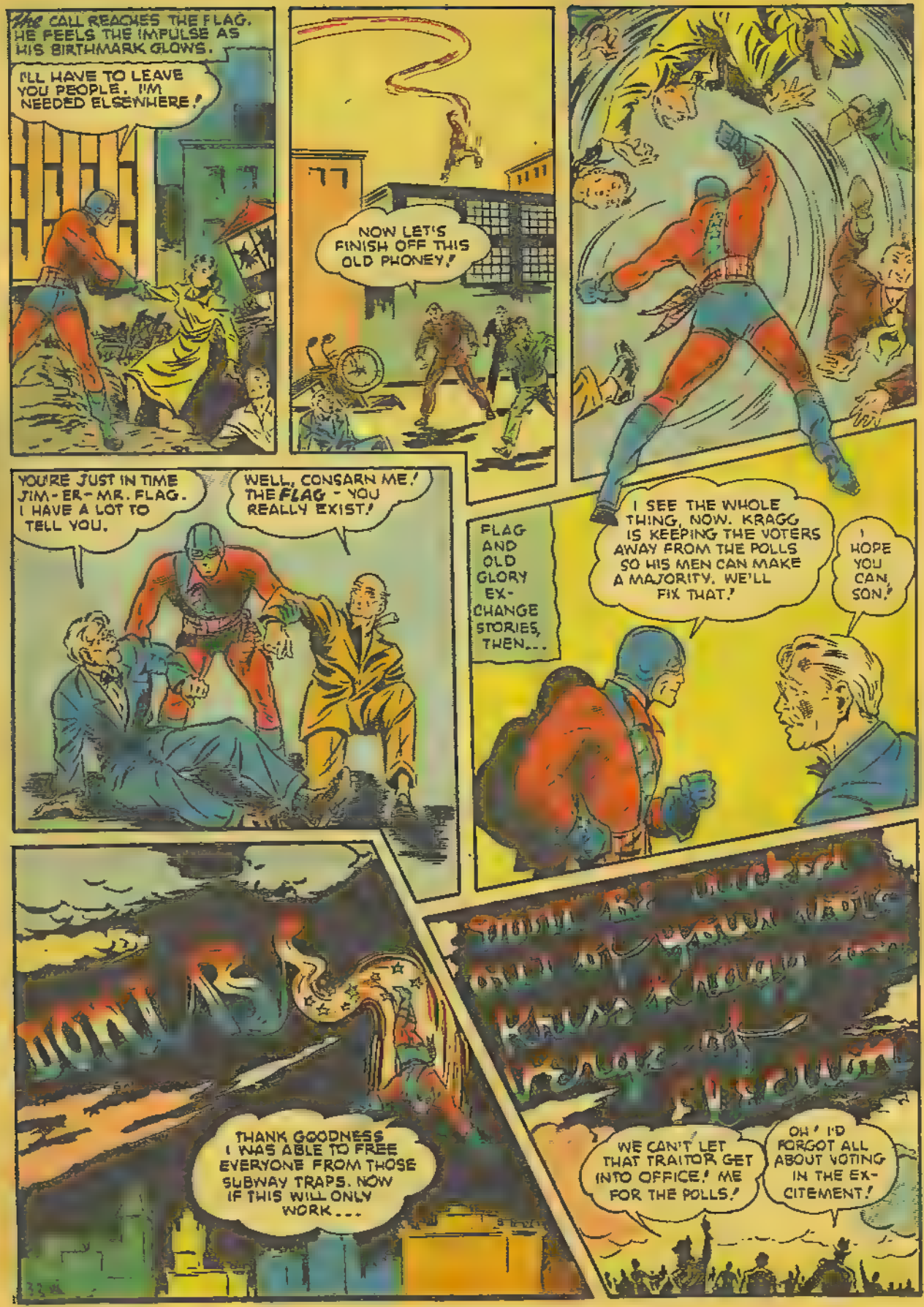

FAKE, EH! WHAT WAS THAT, THEN!
THAT WAS NO ARIAL BOMB -- THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT!
A BOMB STRUCK THE EXIT!
HAVE TO DIG US OUT OF HERE AND F.ND OUT WHATS GOING ON!
LOOK AT HIM WORK! A HUNDRED MEN COULDN'T DO THAT!
MEANWHILE AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF KR.S KRAGG.
HERE ARE REPORTS FROM TWENTY-FIVE OF OUR OPERATIVES, HERR KRAGG, OTHERS STILL COMING IN. EACH HAS SUCCEEDED IN SEALING THE SUBWAY STATION ASSIGNED TO HIM.
THAT MEANS WE HAVE PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE CITY TRAPPED UNDERGROUND. AH! BY THE TIME THEY ARE RESCUED, THE POLLS WILL BE CLOSED AND THERE WILL BE A NEW GOVERNOR, KRIGS KRAGG!
NOW ONLY MY SUPPORTERS CAN VOTE, INSURING MY ELECTION. AND AS GOVERNOR I WILL BE ABLE TO SHUT DOWN ALL THIS STATE'S DEFENSE PLANTS AND ES-TABLISH MY OWN DICTATOR-SHIP! AH!
WHY WE HAFTA HANG AROUND NOW?
A FEW PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T GET CAUGHT WILL BE AROUND TO VOTE ANYHOW - LIKE THESE TWO COMIN' NOW!
POLLS
POLLS ARE CLOSED TO YOU PEOPLE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO SAID SO?

PLEASE, JOHN, THOSE MEN ARE DANGEROUS! THEY MIGHT KILL YOU! WHAT OF OUR CHILDREN?
ALL RIGHT, MARY, BUT I SHOULDN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!
AND IN VOTING BOOTHS ALL OVER THE STATE, ONLY KRAGG'S SUPPORTERS GET TO REGISTER THEIR VOTE.
KRISS KRAGG
GOVERNOR
KRISS KRAGG
GOVERNOR
IN THE OFFICES OF THE ELECTION BOARD.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE SMALL VOTE COMING IN!
YEAH, AND THEY ARE ALL FOR KRISS KRAGG. I DON'T GET IT!
AND AT THE POLLS...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALL THE PEOPLE? THOSE WHO HAVE VOTED ALL WORE KRAGG BUTTONS! I'D RATHER YOUR MAN GOT IN THAN HE!
SAME HERE, OLD GLORY!
IN THE SUBWAYS CONDITIONS ARE BECOMING CRITICAL FOR THE TRAPPED THOUSANDS.
OH, THIS HEAT!
GIVE ME AIR! I'M SUFFOCATING!
WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO GET US OUT?
LOOK! THAT CLOUD! WHAT IS IT?
GAS!

NO, NO! MY BABY! SOMEBODY SAVE US!
AFTER SUPER-HUMAN EFFORTS THE FLAG FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH TO THE SURFACE.
YOU'RE ALL CLEAR NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO ON - OTHERS MAY NEED HELP!
ANOTHER ONE!
SUBWAY
OH, THANKS, MR. FLAG, FOR FREEING US!
IF I CAN JUST LIFT THIS CONCRETE SLAB CLEAR I CAN MAKE AN OPENING IN A HURRY!
IT WORKED. WHAT'S THAT? GAS!
THAT GAS WILL PROVE FATAL IF I DON'T WORK FAST!
THAT EXPLOSION CRACKED AN UNDER-GROUND GAS LINE! I'LL HAVE TO GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE QUICK!
39


WORKING FAST AND FURIOUSLY, THE FLAG SOON HAS ALL THE GAS VICTIMS OUT IN THE OPEN.
WELL, THEY'RE BEGINNING TO COME TO NOW - GUESS I CAN LEAVE.
BUT IN THE NEXT STATION ALONG THE LINE . . .
FIRE!
WE'LL ALL BE BURNED TO DEATH! WE'RE TRAPPED!
THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON THAT CAN SAVE US - THE FLAG! OH, IF HE WOULD ONLY COME!
BETTER PRAY FOR SOMETHING ELSE, LADY. THAT GUY'S JUST A MYTH. WE'RE DOOMED!
A MYTH, IS HE! WE'RE SAVED!
THEN THE FLAG LEAPS TOWARD AN UNDERGROUND WATER MAIN!
HOORAY FOR THE FLAG!
THAR SHE BLOWS!


AT THE POLLING PLACE WHERE OLD GLORY IS ON DUTY!
LET'S GO OUT FOR A BITE AND A BIT OF AIR. I NEED IT, THE WAY THIS ELECTION IS GOING.
A GOOD IDEA.
SCRAM, BUDDY. NOBODY VOTES TODAY BUT OUR OWN MEN!
SO! NO WONDER EVERYONE WHO HAS COME IN VOTED FOR KRAGG!
SO WE FORGET PARTY DIFFERENCES AND BECOME ALLIES TO FIGHT THESE UN-AMERICAN RATS!
RIGHT! LET'S GO!
YIPPEE! GUESS WE CAN STILL BUCK A LINE!
HEY! WHAT GIVES?
TAKE THAT YA DIRTY FIFTH COLUMNIST!
INTERFERE WITH CITIZEN'S RIGHT TO VOTE, WILL YE!
A COUPLE OF OLD GEEZERS WHO THINK THEY'RE TOUGH. TAKE 'EM FROM BEHIND!
YIPPEE! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN, PARTNER!
BUT NOW THE ENRAGED THUGS, WITH RE-ENFORCEMENTS, MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE TWO OLD PATRIOTS.
IF ONLY I HAD MY STRENGTH I'D SHOW THOSE YELLOW-DOGS! JIM! OH, JIM! I NEED YOU!
TAKE THAT! YOU OLD COOT!

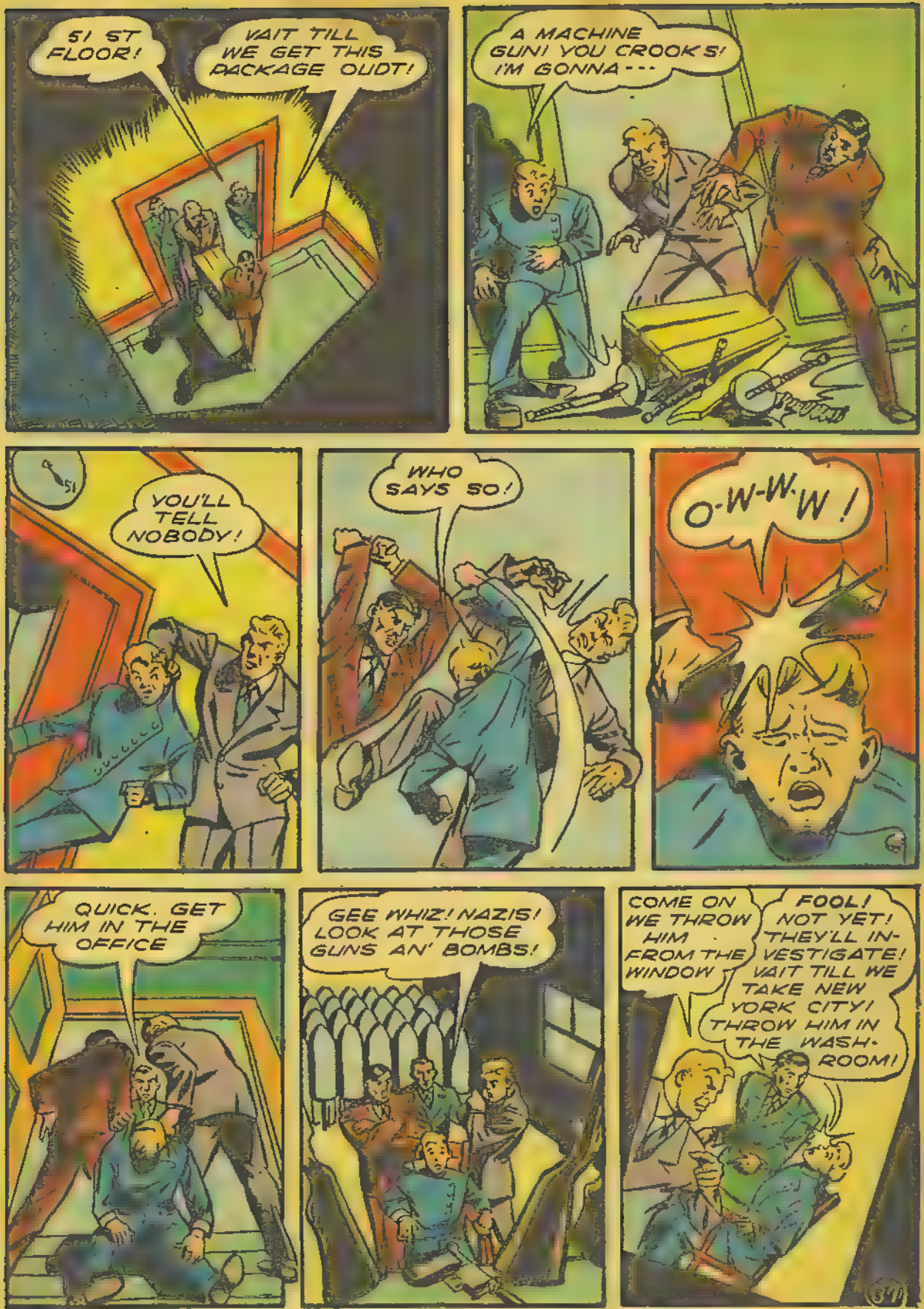

THE CALL REACHES THE FLAG. HE FEELS THE IMPULSE AS HIS BIRTHMARK GLOWS.
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU PEOPLE. I'M NEEDED ELSEWHERE!
NOW LET'S FINISH OFF THIS OLD PHONEY!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME JIM-ER-MR. FLAG. I HAVE A LOT TO TELL YOU.
WELL, CONSARN ME! THE FLAG - YOU REALLY EXIST!
FLAG AND OLD GLORY EX-CHANGE STORIES, THEN...
I SEE THE WHOLE THING, NOW. KRAGG IS KEEPING THE VOTERS AWAY FROM THE POLLS SO HIS MEN CAN MAKE A MAJORITY. WE'LL FIX THAT!
I HOPE YOU CAN, SON!
THANK GOODNESS I WAS ABLE TO FREE EVERYONE FROM THOSE SUBWAY TRAPS. NOW IF THIS WILL ONLY WORK...
WE CAN'T LET THAT TRAITOR GET INTO OFFICE! ME FOR THE POLLS!
OH! I'D FORGOT ALL ABOUT VOTING IN THE EX-CITEMENT!

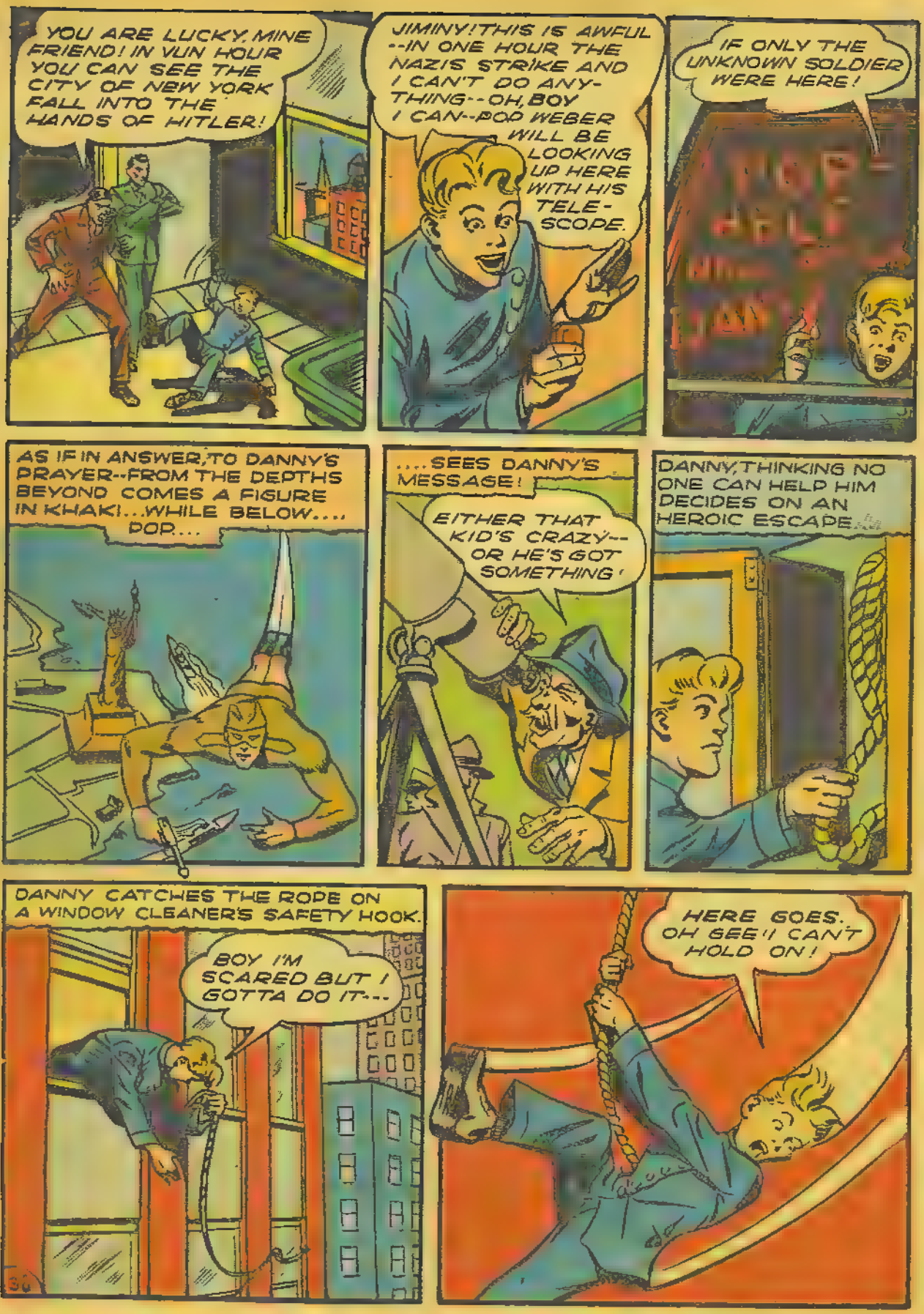
ALL OVER THE CITY, A GRAND RUSH FOR THE POLLS IS STARTED!
POLLS
EVEN THOSE HURT IN THE FAKE AIR RAID DISASTERS, DRAG THEMSELVES TO THE VOTING PLACES.
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GET TO A HOSPITAL FIRST!
NO, SIREE! EVERY VOTE MAY BE NEEDED TO BEAT KRAGG!
MEANWHILE, KRISS KRAGG, CRAZY WITH HATE AND DISAPPOINTMENT-
ALL MY PLANS RUINED! I'LL KILL THE PATRIOTIC FOOLS! KILL THEM! KILL THEM!
BUT OUT OF THE SKY...
THE FLAG!
IN PERSON!
WAP
KRISS KRAGG
VOTE
VOTE FOR KRISS KRAGG
VOTE FOR
KRISS KRAGG
AS THE POLLS CLOSE.
WELL YOU OLD GOAT, AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW THAT WHOEVER WINS NOW WILL BE THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE!
AMEN!
THE FLAG BATTLES IN BEHALF OF AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE. DON'T MISS IT!

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
SOMEDAY IT MIGHT HAPPEN! SOMEDAY AMERICA MIGHT BE INVADED! BUT WHEN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY IS THREATENED THEN, FROM OUT OF THE BLUE SKY, SHALL COME THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER -- DAUNTLESS AMERICAN CHAMPION OF ALL WHO FIGHT UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES--FROM THE SMALLEST CHILD TO THE BRAVEST DOUGHBOY! WHO IS HE? NOBODY KNOWS! WHERE HE CAME FROM? NOBODY KNOWS! HE IS JUST..... THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

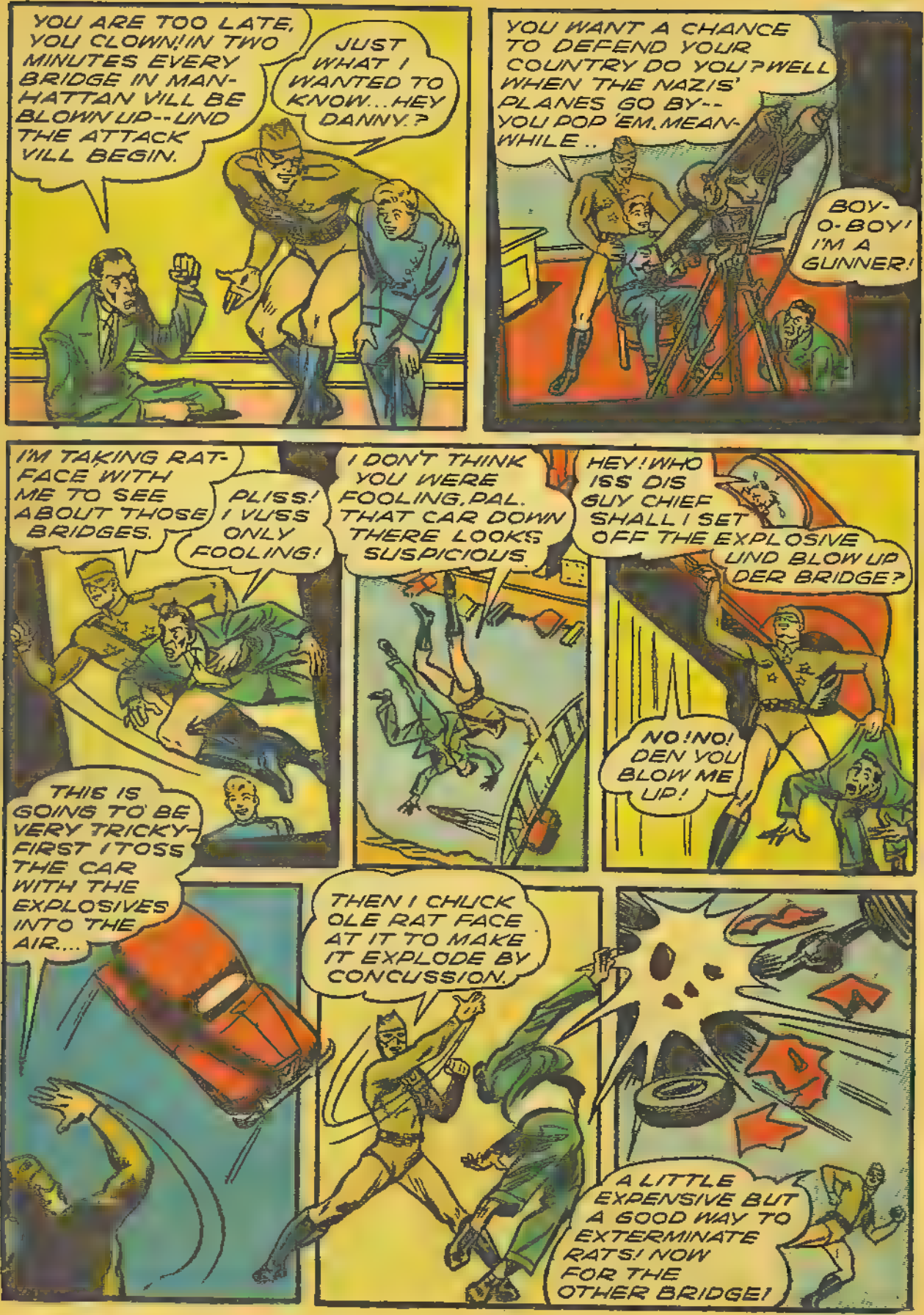
DANNY MORGAN, WATCHING A PARADE IS BROKEN HEARTED. CRIPPLED SINCE BIRTH HE THINKS HE CAN NEVER HELP HIS COUNTRY
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY, SIS.
DANNY DARLING, DON'T FEEL BADLY. YOU ARE DOING YOUR SHARE BY RUNNING AN ELEVATOR IN THE NETWORK BUILDING AND SUPPORTING MOM!
WELL, I GOTTA GET TO WORK AND STAY COOPED IN AN ELEVATOR ALL DAY WHEN I SHOULD BE FIGHTING!
THEY MIGHT NOT LET ME IN THE ARMY BUT, BELIEVE ME, IF WE WERE INVADED I'D FIND A WAY TO FIGHT! THERE'S POP WEBER.
POP WEBER A WOUNDED VETERAN IS A GOOD FRIEND OF DANNY'S.
HELLO POP, IF A WAR COMES WE WON'T BE MUCH GOOD!
YOU CAN SERVE YOUR COUNTRY JUST AS WELL RUNNING AN ELEVATOR AS PILOTING A PLANE.
WHO IS HE?
I DUNNO, SON-- JUST SEEMS TO BE A NICE GUY WHO ALWAYS HAS A KIND WORD FOR WOUNDED VETERANS.
WELL HE MAY BE RIGHT--BUT I'D RATHER BE SHOOTING A GUN. S'LONG POP, SEE IF YOU CAN SEE ME ON THE NETWORK BUILDING WITH YOUR TELESCOPE!
OK AND TELL THE STARS THAT POP WAS WILLIN' TO GIVE HIS LIFE IN THE LAST WAR AND HE'LL DO THE SAME IN WARS TO COME!
THESE TWO "LITTLE PEOPLE" OF AMERICA DON'T REALIZE HOW CLOSE THEY ARE TO THEIR DREAMS!
35

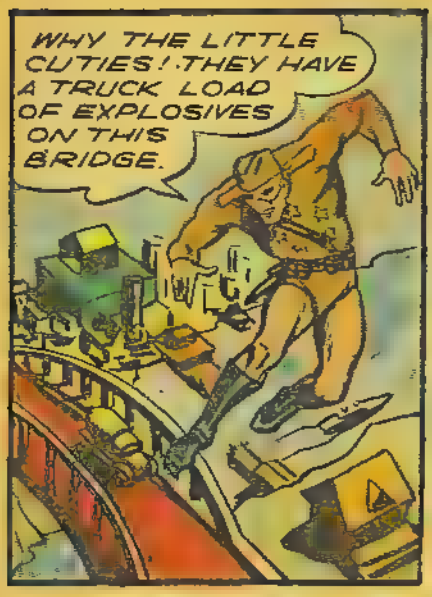
THE NAZIS' HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK--DER FEUHRER'S FIST IS RAISED TO STRIKE AT AMERICA!
I THINK WE ARE READY FOR CONQUEST OF MANHATTAN ISLE--KEY CITY OF UNITED STATES. RECITE WHAT YOUR DUTIES ARE.
I HEAD THE AUTO-SUICIDE SQUAD. ON FRIDAY AT 8 O'CLOCK CARS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES WILL BE ON EVERY BRIDGE LEADING INTO MANHATTAN--AND BLOW THEM UP!
MY MEN WILL STORM THE CITY ARMORIES, AND SEIZE THEIR GUNS TO EQUIP OUR BUND ARMY!
I SHALL HAVE 1,000 BUND MEMBERS POSE AS "SPECTATORS" AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT-UND AT 8 O'CLOCK WE SEIZE DER SHIPS AND EQUIP THEM WITH MACHINE GUNS AND BOMBS.
MY STAFF AND I WILL DIRECT OPERATIONS FROM THE NETWORK BUILDING. OUR AIR-FLEET AND TRANS-PORTS WITH SOLDIERS VILL LAND AT THE BATTERY!
DANNY IS ON DUTY IN HIS ELEVATOR IN THE NETWORK BUILDING.
IT SAYS HERE THAT WHENEVER AMERICA IS IN TROUBLE THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER APPEARS!
TO DER TOP FLOOR PLEASE--IF YOU HAFF TIME!
YAH! UNDER HITLER-YOU DON'T READ DOT VAY! YOU BET!
THESE ARE THE GUYS THAT RENTED THE WHOLE TOP FLOOR! I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

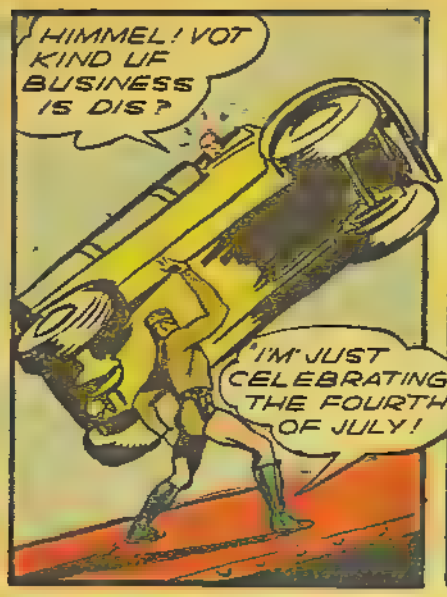

51 ST FLOOR!
VAIT TILL WE GET THIS PACKAGE OUDT!
A MACHINE GUN! YOU CROOKS! I'M GONNA ---
YOU'LL TELL NOBODY!
WHO SAYS SO!
O-W-W-W!
QUICK. GET HIM IN THE OFFICE
GEE WHIZ! NAZIS! LOOK AT THOSE GUNS AN' BOMBS!
COME ON WE THROW HIM FROM THE WINDOW
FOOL! NOT YET! THEY'LL INVESTIGATE! VAIT TILL WE TAKE NEW YORK CITY! THROW HIM IN THE WASHROOM!


YOU ARE LUCKY, MINE FRIEND! IN VUN HOUR YOU CAN SEE THE CITY OF NEW YORK FALL INTO THE HANDS OF HITLER!
JIMINY! THIS IS AWFUL --IN ONE HOUR THE NAZIS STRIKE AND I CAN'T DO ANY-THING--OH, BOY I CAN--POP WEBER WILL BE LOOKING UP HERE WITH HIS TELE-SCOPE.
IF ONLY THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER WERE HERE!
AS IF IN ANSWER, TO DANNY'S PRAYER--FROM THE DEPTHS BEYOND COMES A FIGURE IN KHAKI...WHILE BELOW.... POP...
....SEES DANNY'S MESSAGE!
EITHER THAT KID'S CRAZY-- OR HE'S GOT SOMETHING!
DANNY, THINKING NO ONE CAN HELP HIM DECIDES ON AN HEROIC ESCAPE...
DANNY CATCHES THE ROPE ON A WINDOW CLEANER'S SAFETY HOOK.
BOY I'M SCARED BUT I GOTTA DO IT...
HERE GOES. OH GEE! I CAN'T HOLD ON!
30

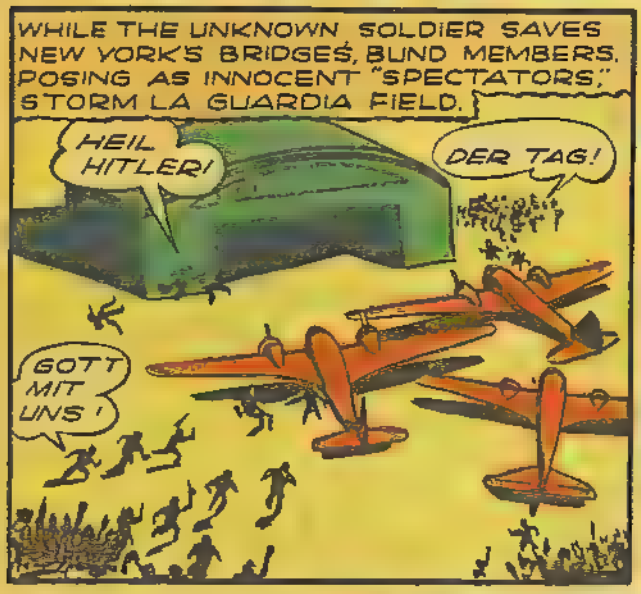
THIS IS IT! GOOD-BY MOM! GOOD-BY SIS!
HELLO SON. WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE WITHOUT A PARACHUTE?
GOSH! YOU MUST BE THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER. THE NAZIS ARE GOING TO TAKE NEW YORK CITY--THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS IS ON THE TOP FLOOR!
YOU DON'T SAY? LET'S YOU AND I CLEAN 'EM OUT!
HERE WE GO!
HOLY MACKERAL. RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
HIMMEL! DER UNKNOWN SOLDIER!
NICE OFFICE YOU HAVE HERE!
WHAT YOU NEED, CHUM....
....IS A LITTLE....
....FRESH AIR!

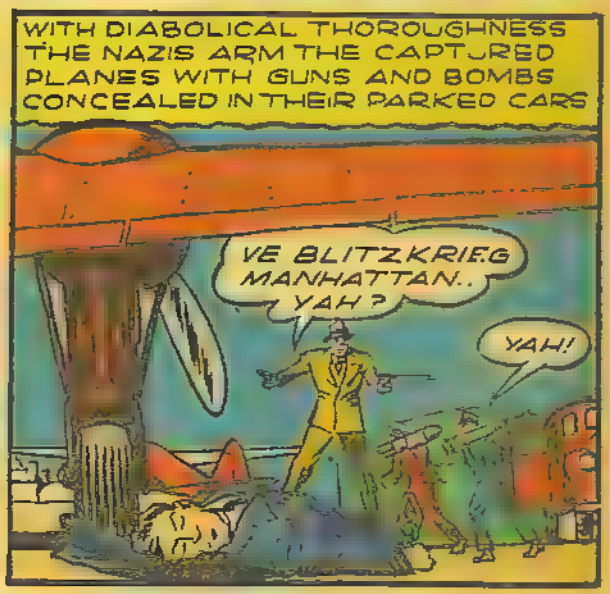

YOU ARE TOO LATE, YOU CLOWN! IN TWO MINUTES EVERY BRIDGE IN MANHATTAN VILL BE BLOWN UP--UND THE ATTACK VILL BEGIN.
JUST WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW... HEY DANNY.?
YOU WANT A CHANCE TO DEFEND YOUR COUNTRY DO YOU? WELL WHEN THE NAZIS' PLANES GO BY-- YOU POP 'EM. MEANWHILE..
BOY-O-BOY! I'M A GUNNER!
I'M TAKING RAT-FACE WITH ME TO SEE ABOUT THOSE BRIDGES.
PLISS! I VUSS ONLY FOOLING!
I DON'T THINK YOU WERE FOOLING, PAL. THAT CAR DOWN THERE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.
HEY! WHO IS DIS GUY CHIEF SHALL I SET OFF THE EXPLOSIVE UND BLOW UP DER BRIDGE?
NO! NO! DEN YOU BLOW ME UP!
THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY TRICKY- FIRST I TOSS THE CAR WITH THE EXPLOSIVES INTO THE AIR....
THEN I CHUCK OLE RAT FACE AT IT TO MAKE IT EXPLODE BY CONCUSSION.
A LITTLE EXPENSIVE BUT A GOOD WAY TO EXTERMINATE RATS! NOW FOR THE OTHER BRIDGE!


WHY THE LITTLE CUTIES! THEY HAVE A TRUCK LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES ON THIS BRIDGE.


HIMMEL! VOT KIND UF BUSINESS IS DIS?
I'M JUST CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY!

THAT'S MY IDEA OF A SWELL FIRECRACKER!


WHILE THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SAVES NEW YORK'S BRIDGES, BUND MEMBERS, POSING AS INNOCENT "SPECTATORS," STORM LA GUARDIA FIELD.
HEIL HITLER!
DER TAG!
GOTT MIT UNS!

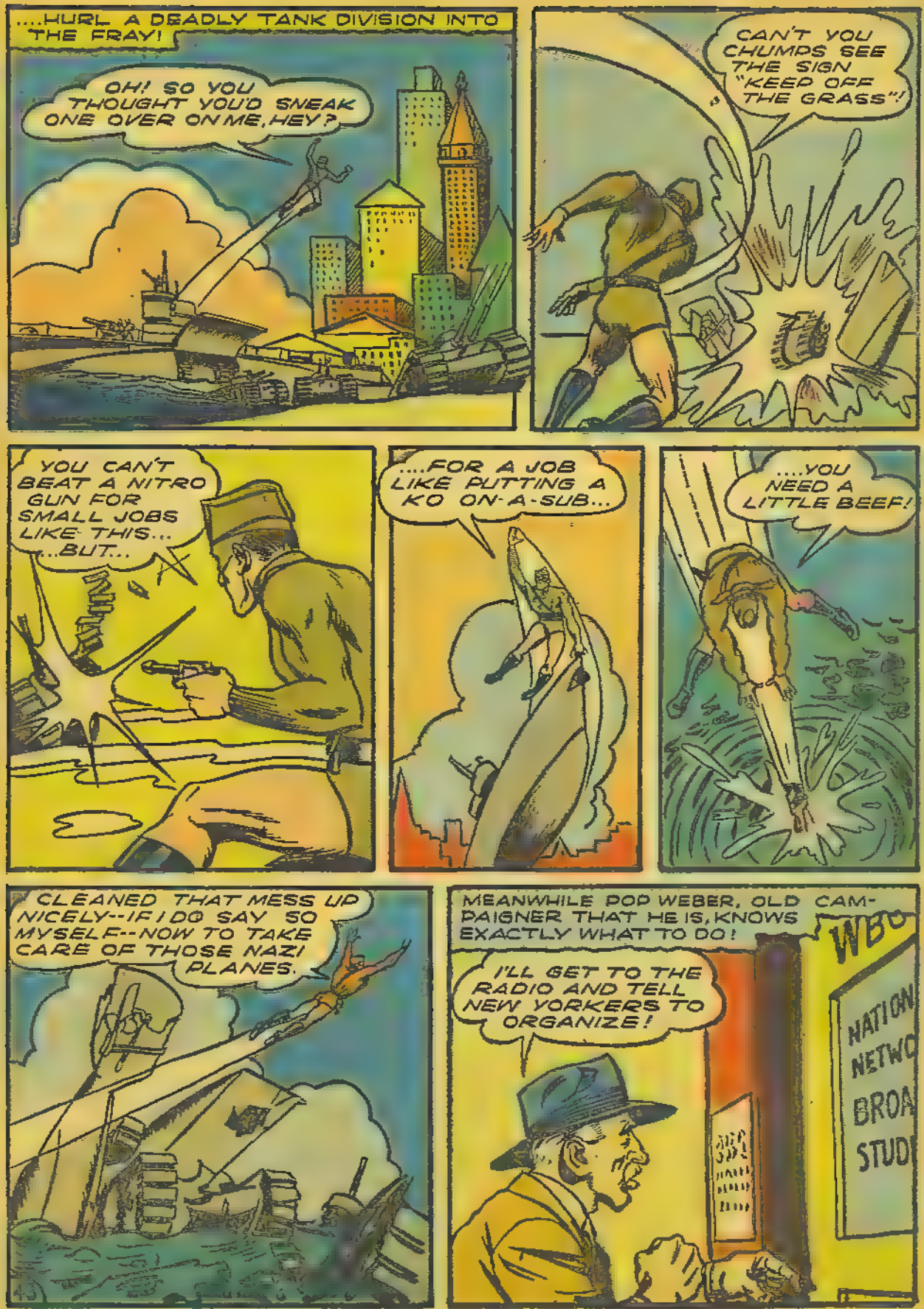

WITH DIABOLICAL THOROUGHNESS THE NAZIS ARM THE CAPTURED PLANES WITH GUNS AND BOMBS CONCEALED IN THEIR PARKED CARS
VE BLITZKRIEG MANHATTAN.. YAH?
YAH!

HOLY SMOKE! THERE'S SO MUCH TO BE DONE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!

BANDS OF NAZIS HAVE SEIZED THE ARMORIES AND EQUIPED WITH RIFLES MARCH UP FIFTH AVENUE!

LOOK AT THOSE FREIGHTERS LOADED WITH NAZIS COMING IN! AND SUB-MARINES AND CRUISERS! NOW I KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!

FIRST I'LL GET OUT WHERE I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF SPACE TO WORK IN AND THEN....
....WHIRL TO CREATE CENTRIFICAL FORCE!
THE TERRIFIC SPINNING CREATES A POWERFUL VACULUM THAT DEVELOPS INTO A TORNADO!
BOY THIS THING IS GOING TO HAVE A KICK LIKE A MILLION MULES!
NOW TO SIC THIS BABY ON THOSE SUBS AND TRANSPORTS
HEY! VOT'S DOT THING COMING TOWARD US?
HIMMEL-- A TVISTER! IT VILL SPOIL DER INVASION!
THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS TWISTER MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE TRANSPORT TROOPS.. BUT
..THE GIANT NAZI SUBMARINES, LOADED WITH TANKS, SUBMERGE AND ESCAPE THE TWISTER... UNSEEN THEY HEAD IN TOWARD BATTERY PARK.... AND THERE


....HURL A DEADLY TANK DIVISION INTO THE FRAY!
OH! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SNEAK ONE OVER ON ME, HEY?
CAN'T YOU CHUMPS SEE THE SIGN "KEEP OFF THE GRASS"!
YOU CAN'T BEAT A NITRO GUN FOR SMALL JOBS LIKE THIS... ...BUT...
....FOR A JOB LIKE PUTTING A KO ON-A-SUB...
....YOU NEED A LITTLE BEEF!
CLEANED THAT MESS UP NICELY--IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF--NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE NAZI PLANES.
MEANWHILE POP WEBER, OLD CAMPAIGNER THAT HE IS, KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO!
I'LL GET TO THE RADIO AND TELL NEW YORKERS TO ORGANIZE!
WBO
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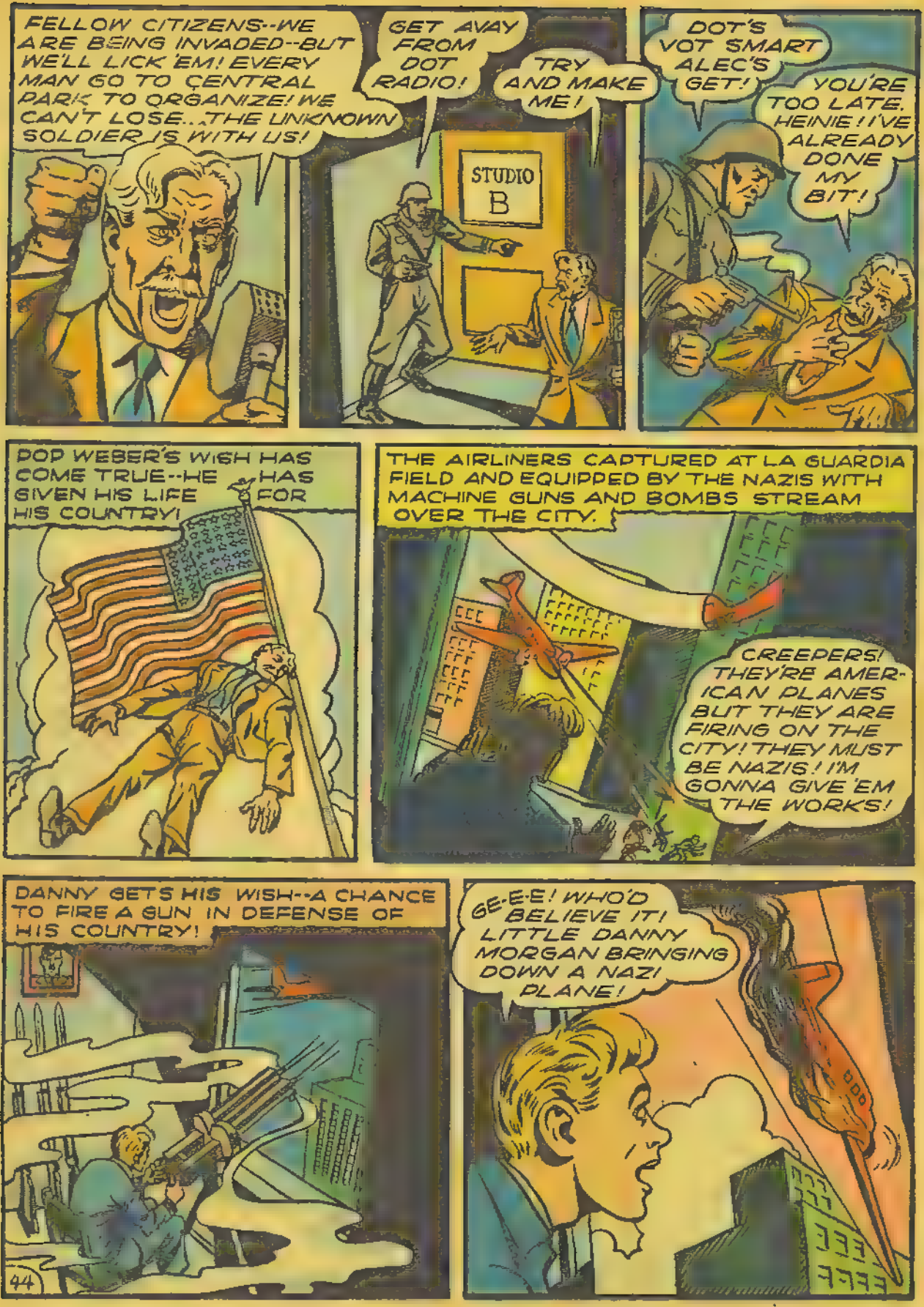
STUDI


FELLOW CITIZENS--WE ARE BEING INVADED--BUT WE'LL LICK 'EM! EVERY MAN GO TO CENTRAL PARK TO ORGANIZE! WE CAN'T LOSE...THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS WITH US!
GET AWAY FROM DOT RADIO!
TRY AND MAKE ME!
STUDIO B
DOT'S VOT SMART ALEC'S GET!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, HEINIE! I'VE ALREADY DONE MY BIT!
POP WEBER'S WISH HAS COME TRUE--HE HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY!
THE AIRLINERS CAPTURED AT LA GUARDIA FIELD AND EQUIPPED BY THE NAZIS WITH MACHINE GUNS AND BOMBS STREAM OVER THE CITY.
CREEPERS! THEY'RE AMERICAN PLANES BUT THEY ARE FIRING ON THE CITY! THEY MUST BE NAZIS! I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!
DANNY GETS HIS WISH--A CHANCE TO FIRE A GUN IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY!
GE-E-E! WHO'D BELIEVE IT! LITTLE DANNY MORGAN BRINGING DOWN A NAZI PLANE!
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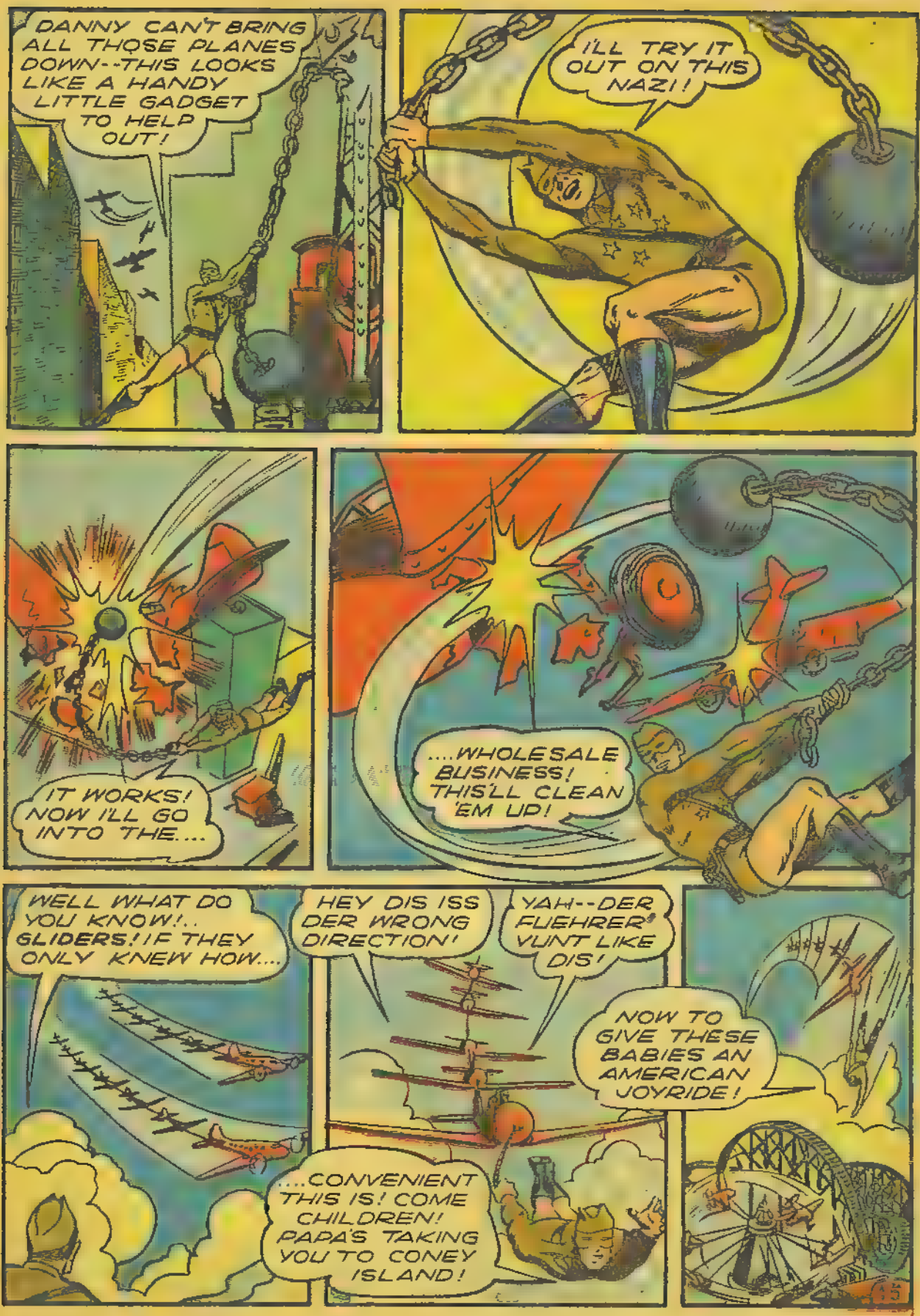
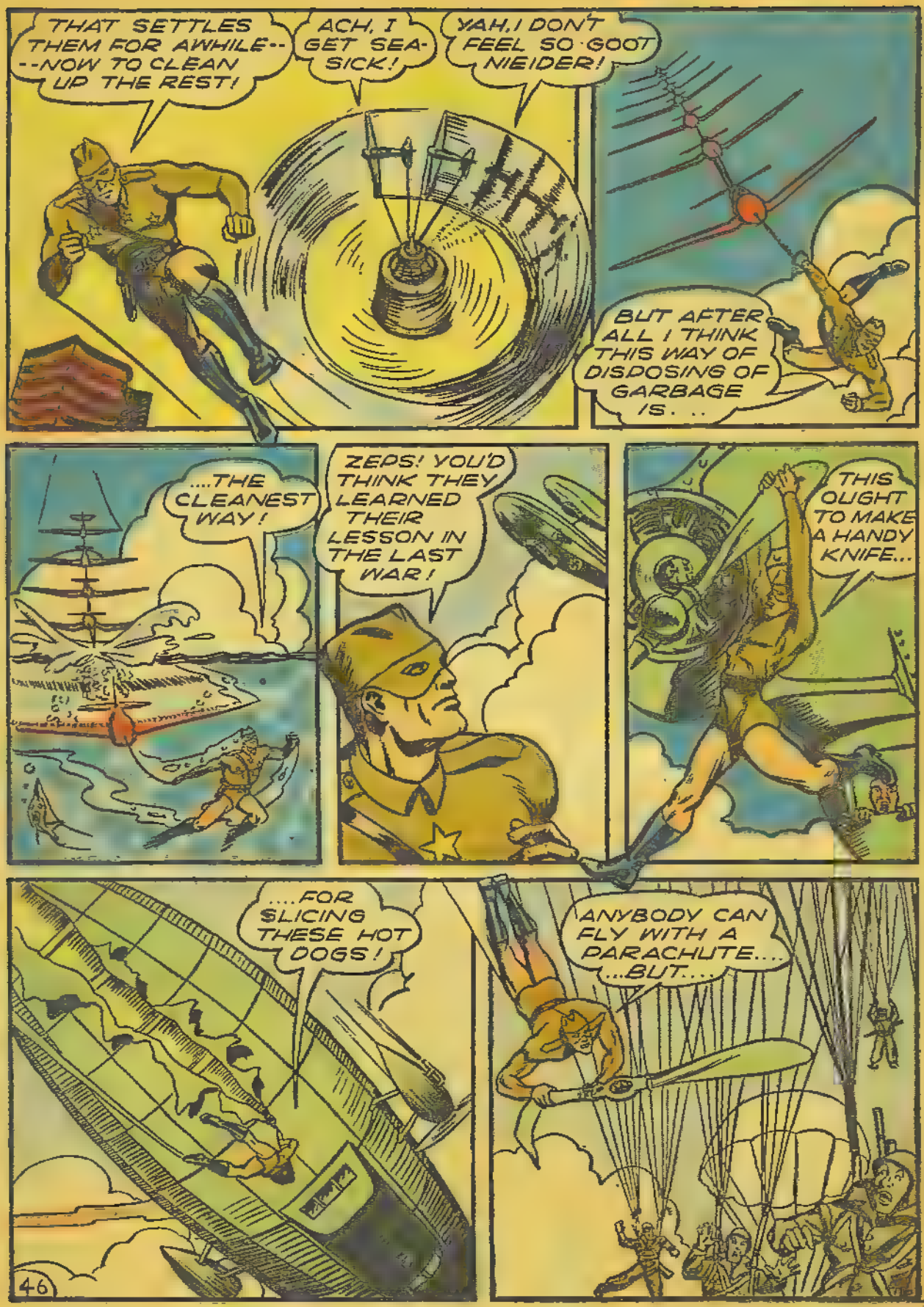
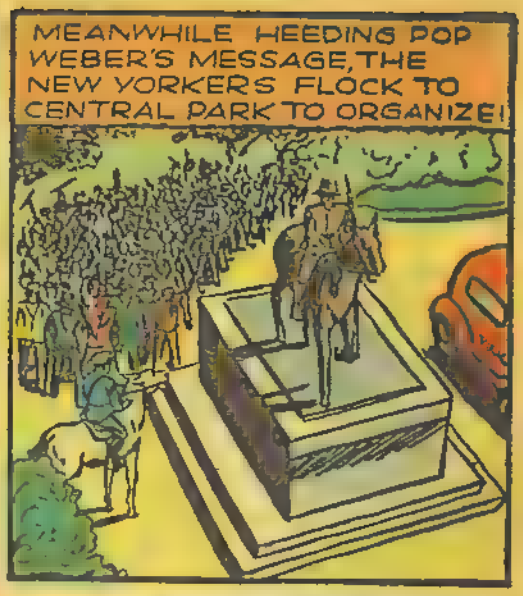
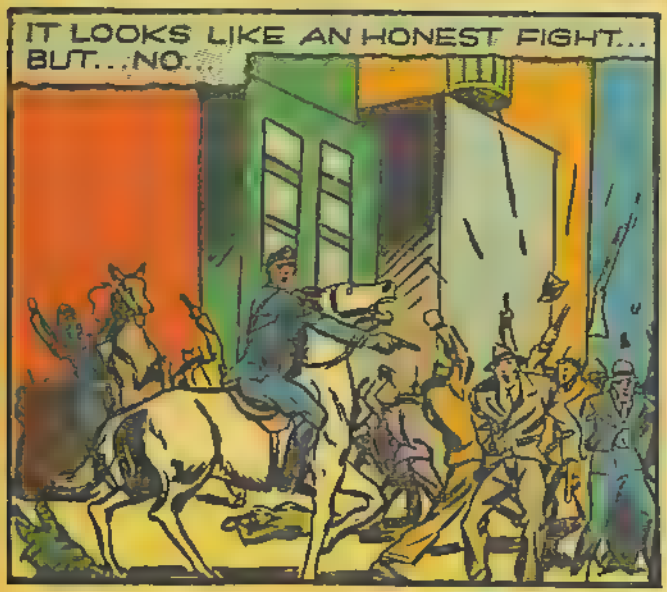

DANNY CAN'T BRING ALL THOSE PLANES DOWN--THIS LOOKS LIKE A HANDY LITTLE GADGET TO HELP OUT!
I'LL TRY IT OUT ON THIS NAZI!
IT WORKS! NOW I'LL GO INTO THE....
....WHOLESALE BUSINESS! THIS'LL CLEAN 'EM UP!
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW!.. GLIDERS! IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW....
HEY DIS ISS DER WRONG DIRECTION!
YAH--DER FUEHRER VUNT LIKE DIS!
NOW TO GIVE THESE BABIES AN AMERICAN JOYRIDE!
....CONVENIENT THIS IS! COME CHILDREN! PAPA'S TAKING YOU TO CONEY ISLAND!

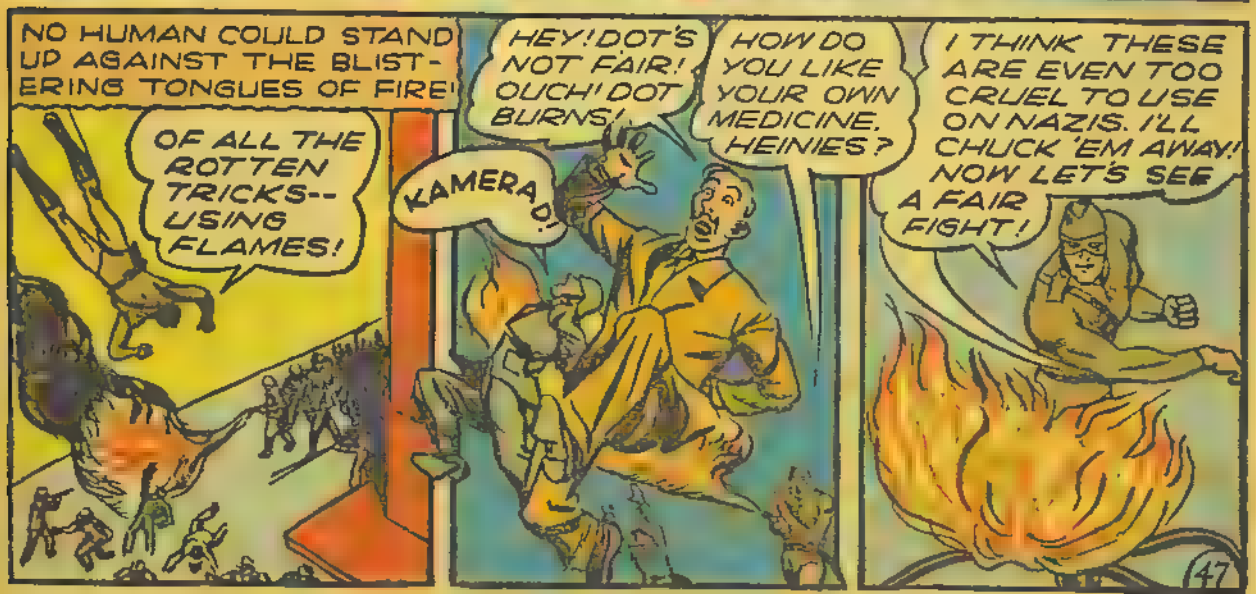

THAT SETTLES THEM FOR AWHILE--
--NOW TO CLEAN UP THE REST!
ACH, I GET SEA-SICK!
YAH, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOT NIEIDER!
BUT AFTER ALL I THINK THIS WAY OF DISPOSING OF GARBAGE IS. . .
....THE CLEANEST WAY!
ZEPS! YOU'D THINK THEY LEARNED THEIR LESSON IN THE LAST WAR!
THIS OUGHT TO MAKE A HANDY KNIFE...
....FOR SLICING THESE HOT DOGS!
ANYBODY CAN FLY WITH A PARACHUTE....
...BUT....

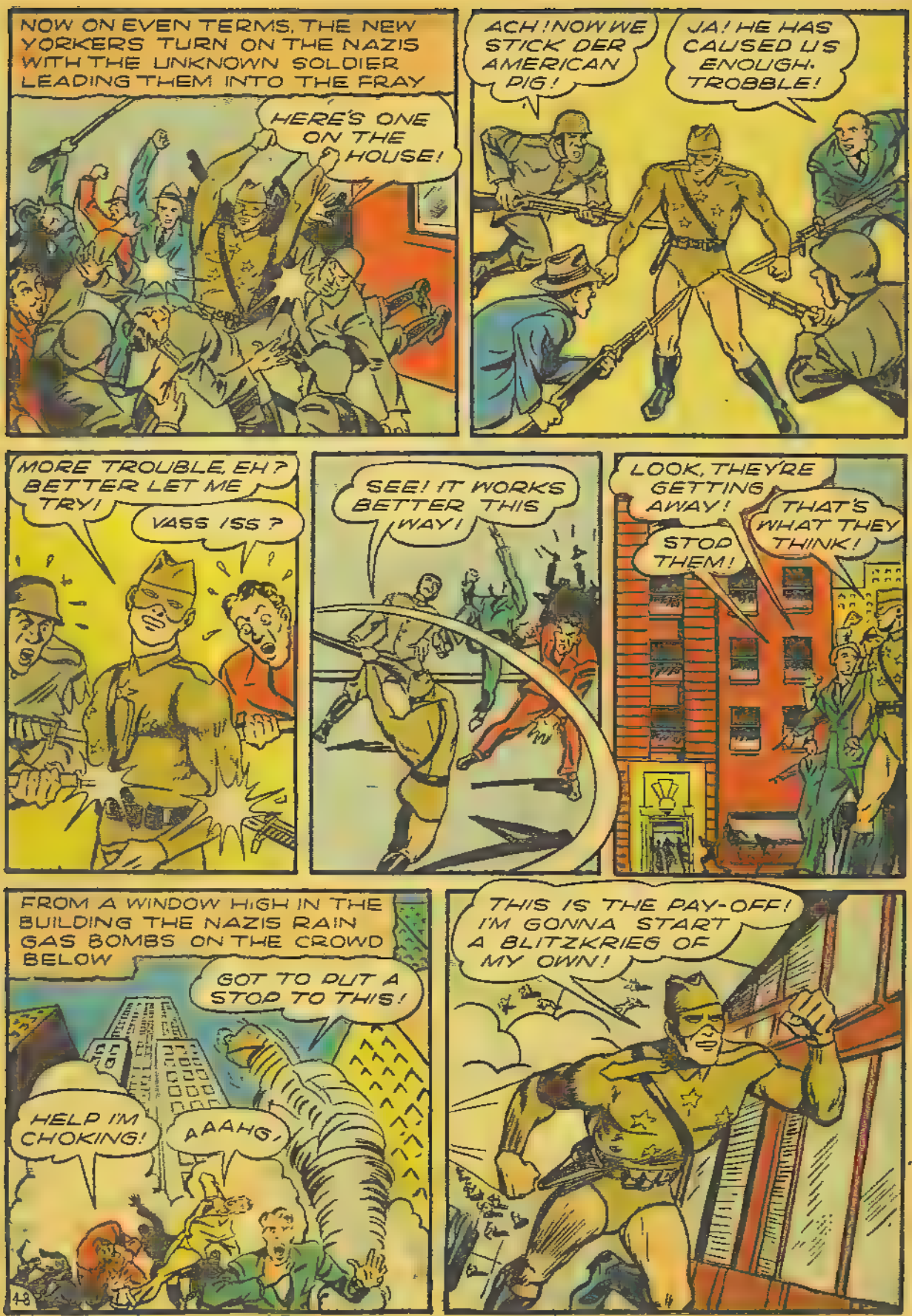
LET'S SEE YOU FLY WITHOUT ONE! M-M-M-M JUST AS I THOUGHT YOU'RE NOT SO GOOD!
PLEASE! I'VE WEREN'T GOING TO HURT NOPODDY! I'VE CAME TO AMERICA FOR DER RIDE!

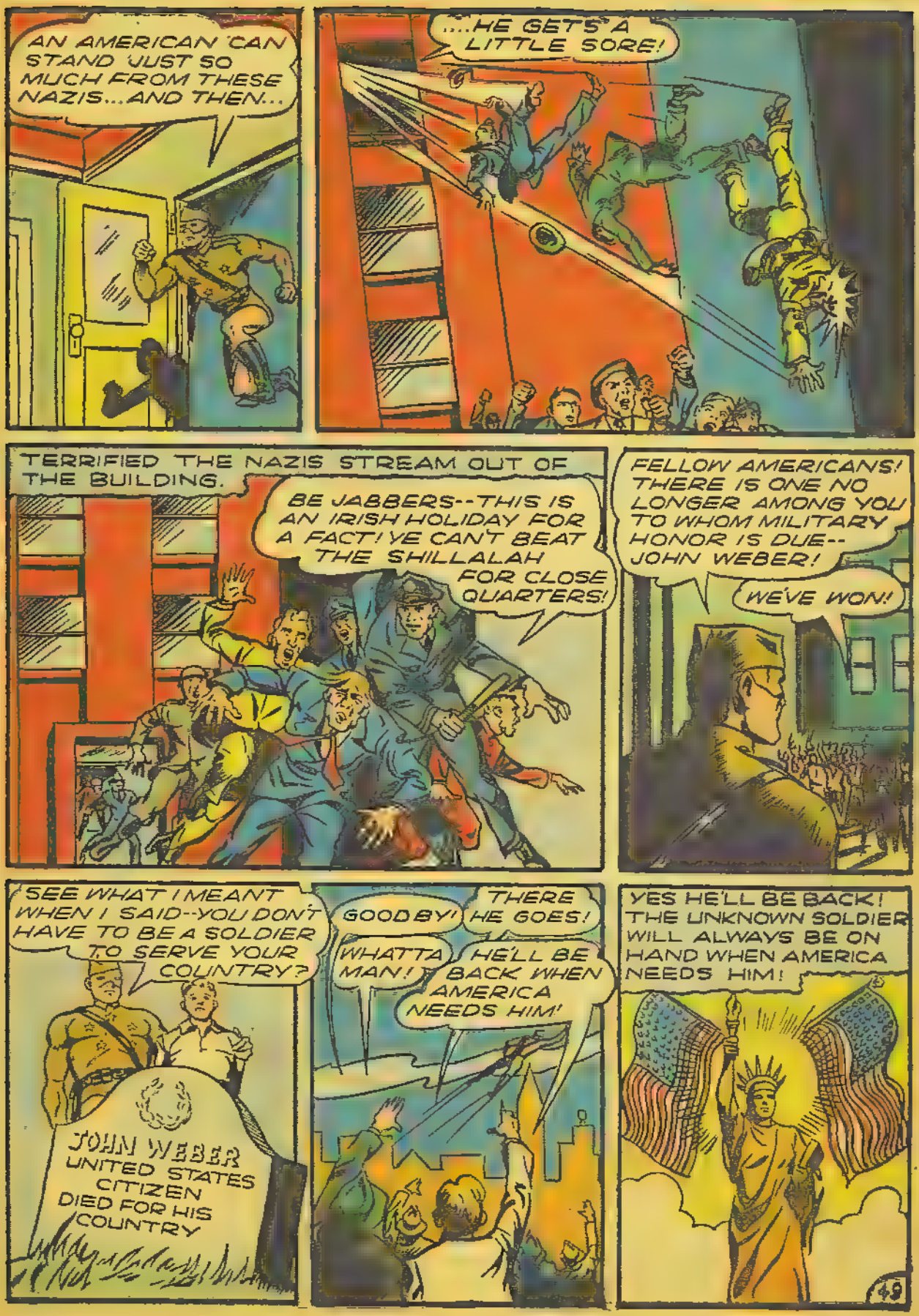

MEANWHILE HEEDING POP WEBER'S MESSAGE, THE NEW YORKERS FLOCK TO CENTRAL PARK TO ORGANIZE!


IT LOOKS LIKE AN HONEST FIGHT... BUT...NO...

THE NAZIS BRING OUT THEIR CRUELEST WEAPON-- FLAME THROWERS!


NO HUMAN COULD STAND UP AGAINST THE BLISTERING TONGUES OF FIRE!
OF ALL THE ROTTEN TRICKS-- USING FLAMES!
HEY! DOT'S NOT FAIR! OUCH! DOT BURNS!
KAMERAD!
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN MEDICINE, HEINIES?
I THINK THESE ARE EVEN TOO CRUEL TO USE ON NAZIS. I'LL CHUCK 'EM AWAY! NOW LET'S SEE A FAIR FIGHT!


NOW ON EVEN TERMS, THE NEW YORKERS TURN ON THE NAZIS WITH THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER LEADING THEM INTO THE FRAY
HERE'S ONE ON THE HOUSE!
ACH! NOW WE STICK DER AMERICAN PIG!
JA! HE HAS CAUSED US ENOUGH TROBBLE!
MORE TROUBLE, EH? BETTER LET ME TRY!
VASS ISS?
SEE! IT WORKS BETTER THIS WAY!
LOOK, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
STOP THEM!
THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!
FROM A WINDOW HIGH IN THE BUILDING THE NAZIS RAIN GAS BOMBS ON THE CROWD BELOW
GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THIS!
HELP I'M CHOKING!
AAAHG!
THIS IS THE PAY-OFF! I'M GONNA START A BLITZKRIEG OF MY OWN!
4-8


AN AMERICAN CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH FROM THESE NAZIS...AND THEN...
....HE GETS A LITTLE SORE!
TERRIFIED THE NAZIS STREAM OUT OF THE BUILDING.
BE JABBERS--THIS IS AN IRISH HOLIDAY FOR A FACT! YE CAN'T BEAT THE SHILLALAH FOR CLOSE QUARTERS!
FELLOW AMERICANS! THERE IS ONE NO LONGER AMONG YOU TO WHOM MILITARY HONOR IS DUE--JOHN WEBER!
WE'VE WON!
SEE WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID--YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SOLDIER TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY?
JOHN WEBER UNITED STATES CITIZEN DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY
GOOD BY!
THERE HE GOES!
WHATTA MAN!
HE'LL BE BACK WHEN AMERICA NEEDS HIM!
YES HE'LL BE BACK! THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER WILL ALWAYS BE ON HAND WHEN AMERICA NEEDS HIM!
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Murder in the Ice House

By Ralph Powers

IN HIS basement workshop, "Blackie" Lord wrapped the shoe box with clean paper. It would not be in keeping with his life's station to be seen carrying a humble shoe box from his swanky home in Flatbush.

Blackie's custom limousine carried him over the bridge into the produce section. He parked on Hudson Street and walked to a block where platforms stuck out, avid tongues protruding from hungry buildings, fed by endless lines of trucks. Here pedestrian traffic was impossible.

Blackie Lord was right at home. His morning cigar stuck into his jaw alongside shut teeth, bulging out like a grave mound. He wasted no time on his usual customers, but went directly to a narrow building bearing the sign: *Jacob Feenell, Commission Merchant, Beef, Lamb, Veal.*

The platform steps were worn and hollow under Blackie's sure heel. The flooring of the runway was splintered, sprinkled with dirty sawdust. On one side was a large scale, on the other a cubbyhole office. To the rear was a big door with a massive brass catch, leading to the cold-room.

A redhead sat in a soiled, green smock, bending over ledgers in the glassed-in office. Behind her hung a hat and coat and a pink dress. She looked up as Blackie entered and her hand shook a black drop off the wet pen.

The roar of the busy street buffeted them. Blackie motioned with his head and she followed him into the cold-room. The door slammed and everything was quiet.

Blackie led her to the rear of the long room, behind a huge rack of beeves. Frost-encased pipes surrounded them. The girl shivered in her thin smock, while her slippers dug into mounds of wet sawdust swept carelessly into this corner

Blackie laced her with crackling tongue. "I told you before, Mary Feenell, just because you're two spoons in a tray with the Assistant D. A., that don't make you an exception. You kick in with the rest."

Mary's lip curled. She tried to keep her teeth from chattering. She held her feet tight together and wrapped her smooth, round arms around her soiled green smock and faced Blackie Lord bravely—Blackie Lord, terror of the produce district.

"You said that before, Blackie. You tried to make me ditch Roy Stark and ride in that fancy, floating rat-trap you call a custom car. I wouldn't. You tried to make me kick in, the way my father did before he died—and I wouldn't. Roy says I don't have to and—"

BLACKIE tightened his cheek around the cigar. He put out a hand and grabbed her arm; she struggled to keep his fingers off her body. "That's your final word, huh?" he demanded.

"Yes, Blackie." She twisted slowly out of his grasp. "The trouble with the merchants in this district, they're all shivering when you show around. Well, here's one that's not. You can go to hell, Blackie."

"It don't look to me like you'll have much of a business, the way you're going. What about your men? Where are they?"

Mary Feenell bit her lip. "They—they didn't show up this morning. I don't know what—"

Blackie Lord looked wise. "Maybe they were hired away by some other outfit. Maybe they got tired working for a dumb doll like you."

Understanding flashed in her eyes. "*You!*" she gasped. "You made them leave me. You—" she choked; tears started. She winked them back bravely.

Blackie shrugged. "Oh, nothing rough. I just fixed it to get them a job with a better outfit, is all."

"Roy'll hear about this," she threw at him through set lips.

He smiled enigmatically, fumbling to open his shoe box. "That's what *you* think."

She saw something in his eyes then. She started to back away, feet scuffing the damp sawdust Blackie Lord grabbed her and his hands touched her body, made her flesh crawl. He shook the lid off the box, lifted out a gun from the shallow space underneath. There was another compartment below the gun, covered by cardboard.

Mary screamed. Blackie grinned. "You yell all you want. These walls are cork, ten inches thick."

She stood trembling, holding her smock tight, as if that mattered now. Her face as white as the frosting on the pipes rising in the corner behind them.

Blackie reached over and turned on a small petcock in one of the frosted risers. A stream of subfreezing brine squirted into the sawdust. He held the muzzle of the gun under the stream of brine until the barrel was full.

"I ain't had to pull any rough stuff on this street in a long time. I had the boys educated to kick in But you came along and stirred 'em up with a lot of citizen talk and now I got trouble. Well, kid, it's all going to stop now."

She screamed again. She swayed. He reached quickly but she fell to the floor. Particles of sawdust clung to her hair. Her smock sagged free of her knee. Her round arm, outflung, felt the stinging spray of the splashing brine, but it did not revive her.

He knelt and felt her soft warmth. She was pretty, lying like that. He muttered: "Damned trouble maker. Burning guys up in the district with curves and crazy ideas. Lay off women, Blackie."

He lifted her head a little, held it sideways and forced the gun muzzle between her teeth. A little brine spilled but not enough to make any difference. He pulled the trigger quickly and there was a muffled report. He dropped her head in the sawdust and replaced the gun in the shoe box.

He hurried back to the parking lot, reaching it without meeting anyone who knew him . . .

IT WAS after midnight and Blackie Lord was in the kitchen of his Flatbush home, raiding the electric refrigerator. He was wearing a silk dressing gown and laughing loudly at the story he had just told.

A blonde perched on an enamel table, chewing a turkey leg and swinging a pair of Broadway gams. Her cheeks were bulging with meat and her lips were smeared with grease.

Gee, Blackie that was a good one. I near choked." She slid off the table and went to the sink. She drank thirstily of the cold tap water, then spat, making a face. "Say what is this? A dose of salts? You call this stuff drinking water?"

Blackie shrugged. "Flatbush water. Everybody in Brooklyn knows about Flatbush water. It tastes like hell but it's okay. If you don't like it, drink wine."

"I like gin better," she said, getting back on the table.

"It is very funny how women go for guys like you," said a voice in the doorway.

Blackie spun around, automatically pawing, from long habit, for a gun which was no longer in his armpit. He swore as his elbow cracked against the

heavy, refrigerator door.

The intruder smiled grimly, though there were traces of recent grief deep in his eyes. "You don't carry it any more, Blackie. Remember? Since the racket buster came to town, you been living in Flatbush just like a respectable business man. Not using a rod. Very smart."

Blackie recovered himself. "Stark, I don't like people barging in on me." He reached over and grabbed the turkey leg from the blonde and pitched it savagely into the refrigerator.

"Hey, what's the idea?" clamored the blonde. "Just because in comes a fool breeze from the D. A.'s office is no reason to get sore at *me*."

"Shut up," ripped out Blackie. "If you don't like it here, scram."

The blonde snapped erect, smoothed her dress over her hips. Then her eyes softened. "You're upset, Blackie. I'll stay."

Anger and venom contorted Blackie's face. His jaw jutted blazingly at the Assistant D. A. "Crack it, Stark. I'm clean—*and* busy."

"Beats me how you can get away with throwing your women around. I'm ready to believe you killed Mary Feenell more because she wouldn't join your team than because she wouldn't kick in."

"Back that up," snarled Blackie viciously. I ain't playing with you, Stark. Back that crack up."

Stark straightened, tautened visibly. "Okay, Blackie. You got her men to leave and go to work for Harrison Grimes. You caught her alone in the cold-room and shot her with a gun filled with brine to muffle sound."

Blackie went over and pushed up the wide sleeve of the blonde's dress. He bent over and examined a spot on her arm. "Hell," he said, "I never noticed that mole before. Kinda nice."

The blonde snickered eyeing Stark whose jaws clamped tight. "How to make monkeys out of lawmen in one easy lesson."

He patted her back, then turned to Stark. "Kid, like I say, you're young. Got a lot to learn. Me, I only have one gun, with permit to match. It is down in the cellar. Come look it over."

He led the way down to a huge room fitted out as a lab and also a metal workshop. The blonde tailed along.

Blackie took a gun from a drawer in a big workbench and handed it to Stark. It was a .38 revolver. Stark smelled it, lips pursed.

There was a strange gleam in Blackie's eye as he said: "You can fire a shot into that bag of shavings in the corner. I suppose you brought the ballistics photo of the murder slug?"

Stark shook his head. Blackie shot the blonde a sidelong glance of satisfaction, as if he had been expecting that answer.

"You didn't bring the photo?"

Stark looked uncomfortable.

"Why not? Don't tell me you didn't find any slug?"

Stark eyed Blackie sharply. "Why'd you' say that?" he demanded.

Blackie shrugged. "Just like that."

"You mean you *expected* we wouldn't find a bullet? The bullet that killed Mary?"

Blackie grinned openly. "Be yourself, Stark. Finding killers and pinning murders on 'em is *your* job."

"Yeah," said Stark slowly, putting peculiar emphasis on the words. "It's my job. That's why I'm arresting you, Blackie Lord, for the murder of Mary Feenell."

BLACKIE fell back a step, brow darkening. "Listen, you dope, how long you think my good nature'll hold out with you clowning like this? You haven't got a picture, you haven't even got a slug. You got nothing on me and you're talking crazy. Get out of here, Stark."

"Ever make slugs, Blackie?" asked Stark, casually.

Blackie's lips tightened a hair, but not enough for Stark to notice. Blackie turned and walked over to the blonde and pinched her arm gently. He said: "It kind of takes my mind off the D. A.'s questions."

She giggled. "I ain't seen a show this good since Moran and Mack and Ray Dooly."

It was loud enough for Stark to hear. He got red.

Blackie went to another drawer and pulled out a small mould. It was lying alongside a can marked: *So_2 Compressor Lubricant*. "Out here in the wilds of Flatbush," he explained, "I got to amuse myself, so now and then I make slugs. Ammunition is high. So what?"

He held out the mould, blowing dust off it, into Stark's face. Stark let go a whale of a sneeze and the blonde howled with laughter.

Stark blew his nose. "Blackie, I've got you set to bounce into the chair."

Blackie's grin got half-hearted. "Clowning is clowning. You're overdoing it, Stark."

"*You're* the one's been clowning, Blackie. You and this girl friend of yours. You clowned yourself right into a murder rap."

"What the hell're you driving at?" ground out Blackie, steaming.

"You had a damned clever murder stunt all worked out to perfection and then you slipped up. You forgot to shut off the petcock in the brine pipe."

Blackie's jaw darkened. His mouth worked. He said nothing.

"You went away, leaving the brine running from that petcock. It soaked quickly into the sawdust, already partially soaked from brine drippings. It was cold in that room, Blackie. Colder than you realized. The beeves were partially frozen on the racks when we got there. Why?

"Because Mary didn't know how to set the thermostats properly and her men weren't there. The brine in the pipes was not only sub-freezing, it was *sub-zero*. At such low temperatures, the *ice-slug* you fired from your gun *didn't melt*. It went out the back of Mary's neck and lodged in the sawdust, soaked with sub-zero brine. *It stayed frozen*.

"We analyzed that slug as soon as it melted, Blackie There isn't a chemist in New York could be mistaken about it, Blackie. It was Flatbush water."

Blackie's lip curled. He cast a quick glance at the blonde. She had been edging closer, as Stark spoke.

"Everything was perfect, otherwise," Stark went on. "You loaded this gun with ice slugs you made with this mould, in your refrigerator, using steel wool to prevent the ice from shattering on impact. You oiled the gun with compressor oil, capable of preventing action fouling at very low temperatures.

"You carried the frozen gun packed in dry ice. You were smart enough to use brine in the muzzle instead of water, as you know water would freeze in the barrel and jam it. Very clever, Blackie. But not clever enough."

"Listen, wise guy," said Blackie, his voice a little hoarse. "There's a thousand people in Flatbush using this kind of water. You can't pin it on me that way."

Stark pulled a pair of bracelets from his pocket. "You forget, Blackie, that a gun barrel will make rifling marks on ice the same as on lead. I forget to tell you we photographed that ice slug before it melted."

Blackie dived, caught the blonde around the middle and sent her flying at Stark. She bumped into him and the bracelets bounced on the floor.

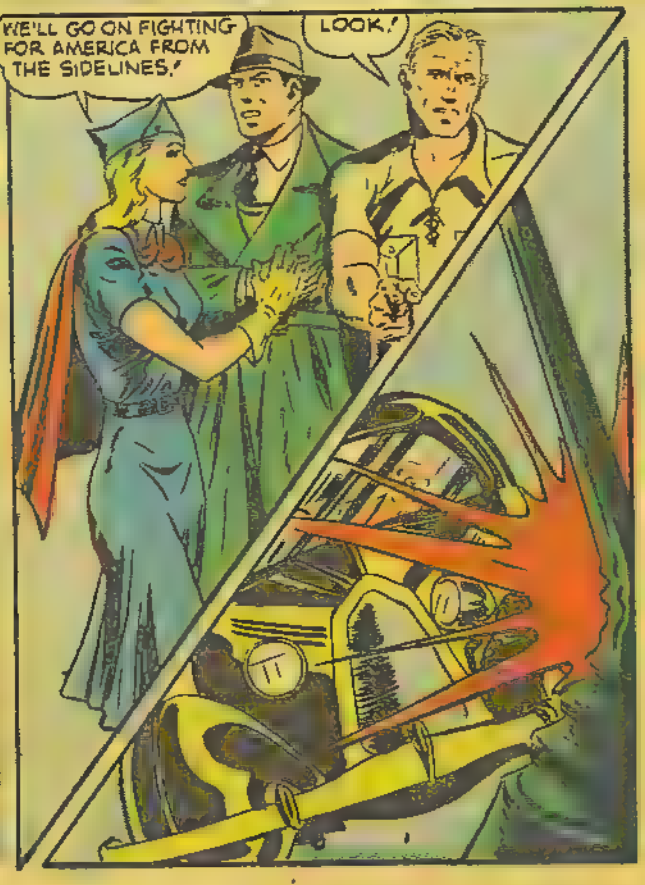
Blackie was halfway to the stairs. Stark didn't waste any time being polite to the blonde. She was winding him into a knot with her arms and legs. He drew up his knee and let her have it in the stomach. She folded, groaning, while he unlimbered his gun and picked off Blackie in the calf as Blackie made the fourth step.

Blackie came rolling back into his workshop. Stark stood over him.

"I promised Mary where she lay half-frozen in that dirty sawdust that I'd make you pay, Blackie," he said softly. "And I'm going to do it."

THE THREE CHEERS

THE THREE CHEERS DISCUSS THEIR FUTURE.
WITH MALKO, THE NAZI SPY THAT FRAMED US OUT OF THE SERVICE, GONE, HOW ARE WE GOING TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE, SIR?
YEAH, IT LOOKS TOUGH FOR US.
BOOM! BART! REMEMBER - OUR FIRST THOUGHTS ARE FOR AMERICA IN THIS EMERGENCY!



BRING HIM TO SIS, BOOM.
MY NURSE! SHE'S STILL IN THE CAR!
I'VE GOT THE NURSE. HOW DO YOU FEEL, MISS?
MY ANKLE IS TERRIBLY SPRAINED.
WHY, THAT LOOKS LIKE AN EXPERT BANDAGE!
WHY NOT? SIS IS AN EXPERT NURSE!
I WAS HURRYING HERE TO ANSWER AN EMERGENCY CALL. SWERVED TO AVOID HITTING A CHILD AND HIT THE POST. NURSE GRAY CAN'T HELP NOW. COULD I BORROW SIS TO HELP INSTEAD?
HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF THE EMERGENCY. JOIN US AS SOON AS YOU PUT NURSE GRAY IN A CAB.
CAREFUL OF MISS GRAY.
YES, DOCTOR.
SEE YOU SOON, SIS!
IT TOOK US LONG ENOUGH TO FIND A CAB!
SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MISS GRAY?
YES. THANKS SO MUCH FOR YOUR HELP!
WELL HERE'S THE ADDRESS THE DOCTOR AND SIS WERE COMING TO.
SIS SURE LIKES TO DO NURSING AGAIN!
KNOCK KNOCK
RECEIVING NO ANSWER...
EMPTY! IT CAN'T BE! WE'VE GOT THE RIGHT ADDRESS!
LET'S SEE THE JANITOR!

WHO'S LIVING IN THAT APARTMENT?
NOBODY FOR MONTHS - YOU GUYS MADE A MISTAKE I'M TELLIN' YUH!
WHERE'S THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE?
YUH GUYS BETTER SCRAM BEFORE -
LOOK AT HIS HANDS, BOOM! GRAB THEM!
THIS JANITOR IS A FAKE! LOOK AT THOSE HANDS! NOT A SCRATCH OR CALLOUS ON THEM!
THE PANICKY JANITOR BREAKS AWAY.
AFTER HIM, BOOM! WHEN WE GET HIM WE'LL KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF SIS!
IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER, I'LL-
HALP!
THE ROOF! HE CAN'T ESCAPE US NOW!
BOOM AND BART ARE ATTACKED BY THE JANITOR'S GANG.
WISE GUYS!
PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS, BART!
TWO RATS ARE NO ODDS TO AN EX-MARINE!
AN EX-NAVY MAN HITS TWO GALLOWS-BIRDS WITH ONE PUNCH!

REINFORCEMENTS BACK BOOM AND BART INTO A CORNER!
WHERE'D ALL THESE NEW RATS COME FROM?
I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR THEM!

BART PULLS OUT A CAPSULE OF HIGHLY-CONCENTRATED SNEEZING POWDER AND SOON...

NOW WE CAN QUESTION THEM WITHOUT THEIR GETTING VIOLENT!
WHERE DID YOU SEA-ROGUES TAKE THE DOCTOR AND SIS?
SNEEZE!
SNEEZE!
SNEEZE!
NOW, HANS! ATTACK THEM!

BOOM AND BART ARE CARRIED INTO A DUNGEON.
MY HEAD!
THESE BARS ARE TOO STRONG FOR ME. CAN'T BUDGE THEM!

LET SCIENCE HELP YOU! WAIT UNTIL THIS ACID-EROSION SEEPS INTO THE BARS, THEN TRY THEM!

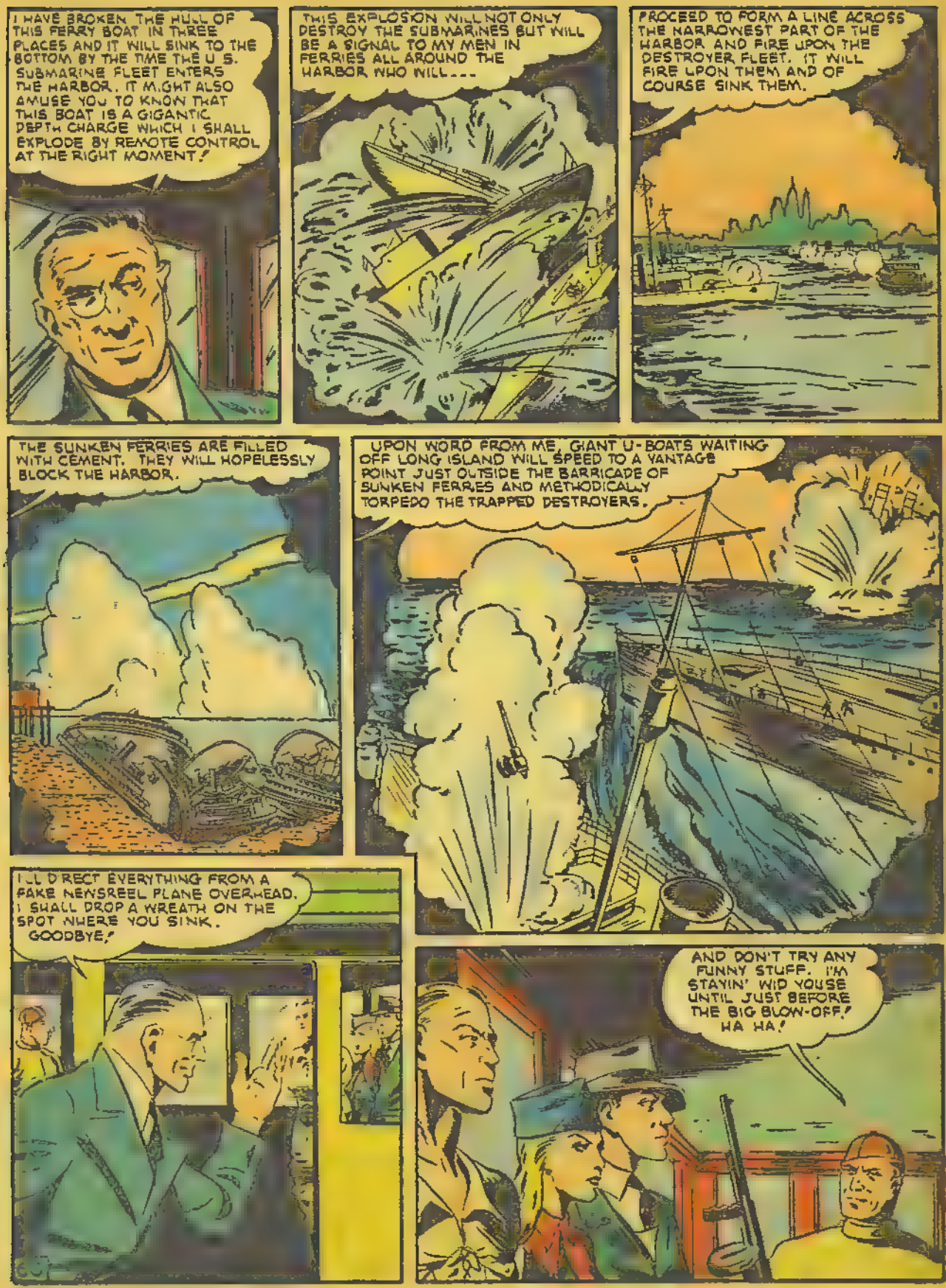
BOY! THAT WAS EASY! THAT ACID JUST ATE AWAY THE FOUNDATION!
NOW WE'LL FOLLOW THE STAIRS UP AND TRY TO FIND WHO WANTED US FOR HIS COLLECTION!

SH! - TWO HEAVIES UP THERE WITH GUNS!
THE HAVEN'T SEEN US YET - COME ON!
THEY'RE LOOSE! SHOOT 'EM!
IF WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH THEY CAN'T USE THEIR GUNS!
WITH THE GUARDS OUT OF THE WAY, THEY INVESTIGATE FURTHER.
I KNOW THAT VOICE, BOOM! IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THIS DOOR!
LET'S RUSH IN!
NO RAT LIKES COLD STEEL AT CLOSE QUARTERS, EVEN IF IT ISN'T SHARP!
A LITTLE RECONNA'SANCE FIRST, EH, BOOM?
OKAY!
BART SEES MALKO - ARCH ENEMY OF AMERICA - WHO FRAMED THE THREE CHEERS!
MALKO, IF YOU CONTINUE ABUSING MY PATIENT, I CANNOT ANSWER FOR HIS LIFE!
I-WILL-NOT-GIVE-YOU-THE-MILITARY-SECRET-
FOOL! I HAVE ALREADY DECODED YOUR PAPERS! YOU SHALL BE DISPOSED OF ALONG WITH YOUR FRIENDS!
AREN'T YOU FORGETTING BOOM AND BART? THEY'LL FOIL YOU!
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU. THEY ARE PRISONERS, TOO. THEY FOLLOWED YOU TO THE FAKE ADDRESS AND NOW THEY'RE IN MY DUNGEON.

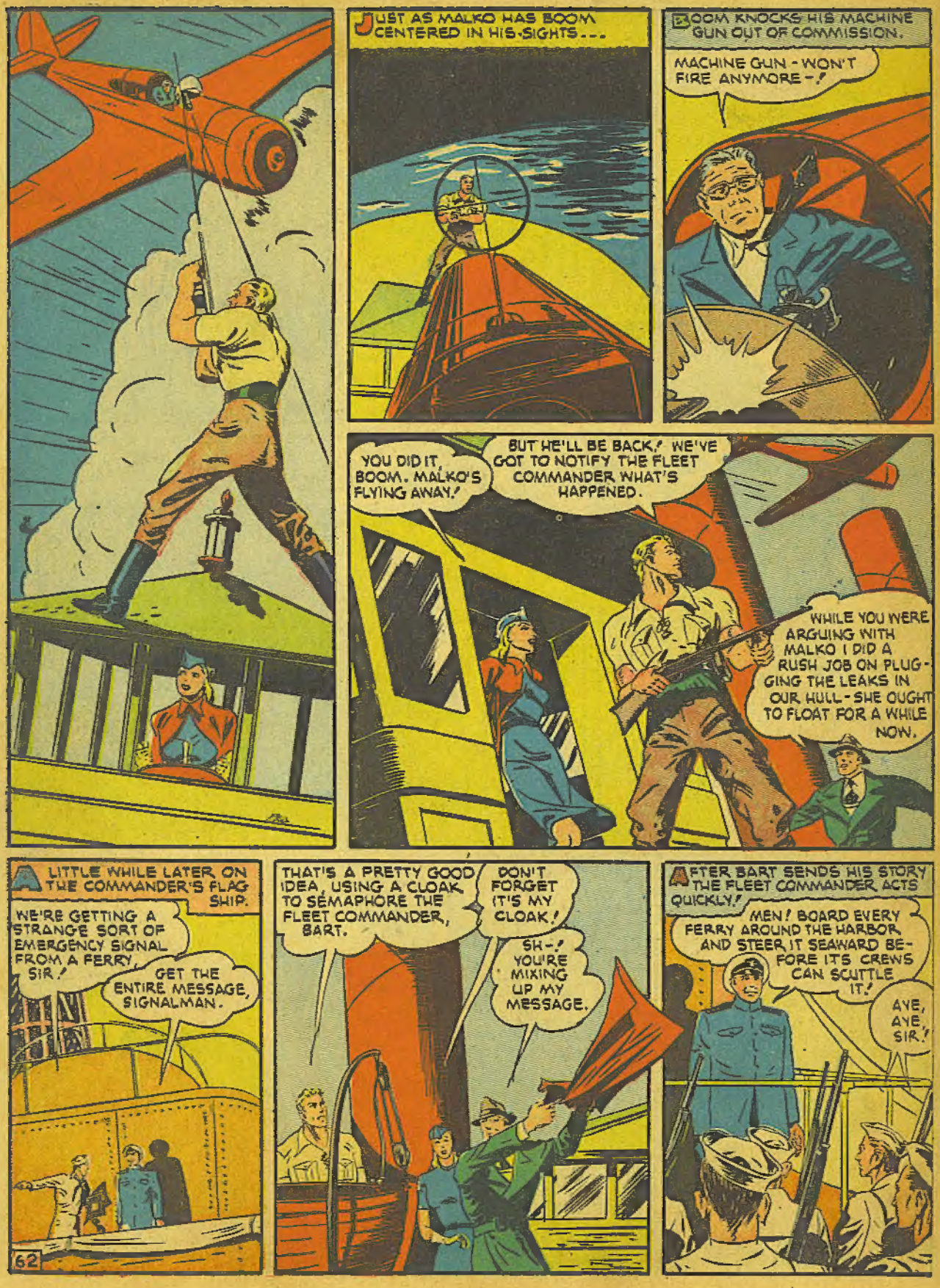
THAT'S WHY WE WERE BLINDFOLDED AT HIS FAKE ADDRESS AND THEN LED HERE, WHERE THE REAL EMERGENCY WAS!
OF COURSE! WE CAN ONLY BE TRACED UP TO THE OTHER ADDRESS!
PRECISELY! AND NOW THAT THE THREE CHEERS ARE IN MY POWER AGAIN, I'M GOING TO USE YOU AS INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION AGAINST YOUR OWN COUNTRY!
IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU I'LL RID AMERICA OF SUCH VERMIN - OH!
TAKE THIS YOU FOOL!
SHOOTING A DEFENSELESS MAN! MURDERER! - OH! -
OH!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO SHOW YOUR FOOL YANKEE HEROISM TO ME!
FOOL YANKEE HEROISM WILL DRIVE YOU AND YOUR KIND INTO THE OCEAN!
NOT BEFORE I ADD YOU TO THE HEROES ON THE FLOOR WITH A BULLET!
MALKO!! REMEMBER ME?
YOU'VE HAD YOUR DAY, YOU COLD BLOODED KILLER!
GUARDS! GUARDS! HELP!
ONE SIDE, SMALL FRY!
WE'RE COMING FOR YOU, MALKO!
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
THEY ARE PLUNGED THROUGH A PARTITION OF THE FLOOR OPENING UNDER THEM.
YOU TOO, SISTER!
7

THEY FALL THROUGH -
AND ARE HURLED INTO ANOTHER DUNGEON.
BOY! WHAT A HAYRIDE THAT WAS! GUESS MALKO IS SAVING US FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. DID THAT MAN TELL YOU ANYTHING BEFORE HE WAS SHOT SIS?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE WAS IN POSSESSION OF A MILITARY SECRET!
SUDDENLY THEIR DOOR OPENS.
HERE'S YOUR FRIEND. STILL CLINGING TO LIFE. SEE IF YOU CAN LEARN ANYTHING FROM HIM. HA, HA!
THE POOR MAN'S DYING. HE'S TOO WEAK TO ANSWER US.
AND HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF COMMUNICATING WITH HIM!
BART DRUMS HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE FLOOR HELPLESSLY.
IF HE COULD ONLY TALK!
THE TAPPING FINGERS REACH THE DYING MAN!
LISTEN! HE'S TAPPING OUT THE MORSE CODE!
TAP - TAP - TAP -
HE'S GIVING US A MESSAGE!
58

I - AM - NAVAL - ARCHITECT - CARRIED - PLAN - OF - U.S. - SUB - MARINE - AND DESTROYER - FLEET - MASS - MANEOUVERS - IN - N.Y. - HARBOR - MALKO'S - DIABOLICAL - PLAN - WAS - TO -
BUT HE DIDN'T FINISH!
HE NEVER WILL. HE'S DEAD.
HOW HE STRUGGLED TO TELL US!
THERE'S GOING TO BE A MASS MANEOUVER IN N.Y. HARBOR OF SUBS AND DESTROYERS BUT WHAT'S MALKO GOING TO TO DO ABOUT IT?
HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!
GAS LOOK IT'S COMING FROM THE CEILING! ON THE FLOOR- QUICK!
THE GAS POURS THROUGH THE JETS, UNTIL -
THE THREE CHEERS ARE OVERCOME
LATER, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.
THEY'RE ALL IN THE TRUCK NOW, DEAD TO THE WORLD.
THEY ARE NOT DEAD YET!
TO NEW YORK HARBOR! AND THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA!
THE THREE CHEERS AWAKE IN THE PILOT HOUSE OF A FERRY!
AH - YOU'RE AWAKE NOW! WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU?
SOMETHING YOU THOUGHT UP WHILE VISITING THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS NO DOUBT."


I HAVE BROKEN THE HULL OF THIS FERRY BOAT IN THREE PLACES AND IT WILL SINK TO THE BOTTOM BY THE TIME THE U. S. SUBMARINE FLEET ENTERS THE HARBOR. IT MIGHT ALSO AMUSE YOU TO KNOW THAT THIS BOAT IS A GIGANTIC DEPTH CHARGE WHICH I SHALL EXPLODE BY REMOTE CONTROL AT THE RIGHT MOMENT!
THIS EXPLOSION WILL NOT ONLY DESTROY THE SUBMARINES BUT WILL BE A SIGNAL TO MY MEN IN FERRIES ALL AROUND THE HARBOR WHO WILL...
PROCEED TO FORM A LINE ACROSS THE NARROWEST PART OF THE HARBOR AND FIRE UPON THE DESTROYER FLEET. IT WILL FIRE UPON THEM AND OF COURSE SINK THEM.
THE SUNKEN FERRIES ARE FILLED WITH CEMENT. THEY WILL HOPELESSLY BLOCK THE HARBOR.
UPON WORD FROM ME, GIANT U-BOATS WAITING OFF LONG ISLAND WILL SPEED TO A VANTAGE POINT JUST OUTSIDE THE BARRICADE OF SUNKEN FERRIES AND METHODICALLY TORPEDO THE TRAPPED DESTROYERS.
I'LL DIRECT EVERYTHING FROM A FAKE NEWSREEL PLANE OVERHEAD. I SHALL DROP A WREATH ON THE SPOT WHERE YOU SINK. GOODBYE!
AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF. I'M STAYIN' WID YOUSE UNTIL JUST BEFORE THE BIG BLOW-OFF! HA HA!

AS BART SIGNALS TO SIS, SHE KNOWS IT IS TIME TO BRING HER AMAZING GIFT OF VENTRILOQUISM INTO USE
SUDDENLY THE GANGSTER HEARS MALKO'S ANGRY VOICE.
EXAMINE THEIR BONDS, FOOL! DON'T CHATTER!
SURE MALKO, YEAH!
WHAT'SA MATTER WID YOU, BUDDY, YA FAINTED ER SOMETHIN'?
THANKS FOR ASKING, YOU RAT!
YOU SURE FOOLED HIM WITH YOUR VENTRILOQUISM, SIS, MAKING HIM THINK IT WAS MALKO TALKING
LOOK! BOOM'S FREE ALREADY!
TO AN EX-ESCAPE ARTIST THIS STUFF IS EASY!
THE FIRST THING IS TO PLUG UP THE HOLES THEY'VE MADE IN THE HULL OF THIS BOAT AS MUCH AS WE CAN!
GOOD IDEA, BART. TAKE THE WHEEL, SIS.
RIGHT!
THANKS FOR THE TOMMY GUN, PAL.
MALKO, IN THE FAKE NEWSREEL PLANE, SIGHTS BOOM FREE WITH THE TOMMY-GUN.
HIMMEL! THE THREE CHEERS ARE FREE AGAIN! I'LL BLOW THEM OUT OF THE WATER!

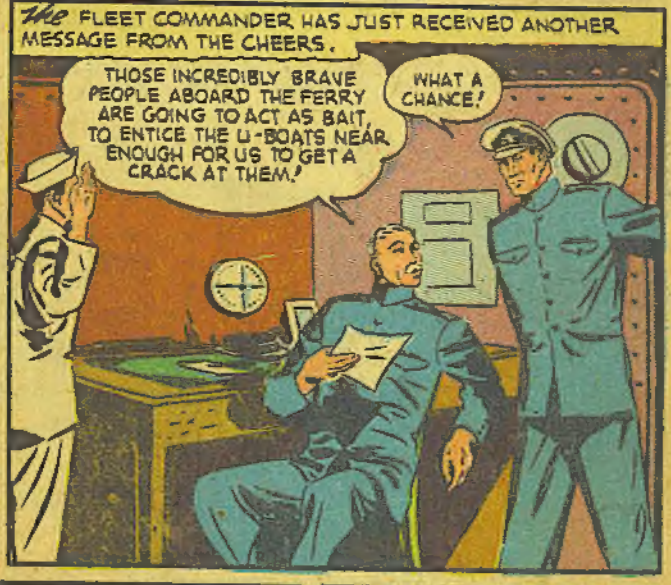

JUST AS MALKO HAS BOOM CENTERED IN HIS SIGHTS...
BOOM KNOCKS HIS MACHINE GUN OUT OF COMMISSION.
MACHINE GUN - WON'T FIRE ANYMORE -!
YOU DID IT, BOOM. MALKO'S FLYING AWAY!
BUT HE'LL BE BACK! WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE FLEET COMMANDER WHAT'S HAPPENED.
WHILE YOU WERE ARGUING WITH MALKO I DID A RUSH JOB ON PLUGGING THE LEAKS IN OUR HULL - SHE OUGHT TO FLOAT FOR A WHILE NOW.
A LITTLE WHILE LATER ON THE COMMANDER'S FLAG SHIP.
WE'RE GETTING A STRANGE SORT OF EMERGENCY SIGNAL FROM A FERRY, SIR!
GET THE ENTIRE MESSAGE, SIGNALMAN.
THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD IDEA, USING A CLOAK TO SEMAPHORE THE FLEET COMMANDER, BART.
DON'T FORGET IT'S MY CLOAK!
SH-! YOU'RE MIXING UP MY MESSAGE.
AFTER BART SENDS HIS STORY THE FLEET COMMANDER ACTS QUICKLY!
MEN! BOARD EVERY FERRY AROUND THE HARBOR, AND STEER IT SEAWARD BEFORE ITS CREWS CAN SCUTTLE IT!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

THE FERRIES ARE SPEEDILY BOARDED, AND THEIR CREWS TAKEN OFF -

AND THEY ARE DRIVEN OUT OF THE HARBOR.

MEANWHILE, MALKO HAS FLOWN TO THE COMMANDING U-BOAT.
WE WILL KEEP SUBMERGED, GO TO N.Y. HARBOR, AND TORPEDO EVERY FERRY IN SIGHT!
JA, HERR MALKO! I VILL GIFF DER COMMAND TO DER REST OF DER U-BOATS.

WHILE THE U-BOATS NEAR THE HARBOR...


THE FLEET COMMANDER HAS JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE CHEERS.
THOSE INCREDIBLY BRAVE PEOPLE ABOARD THE FERRY ARE GOING TO ACT AS BAIT, TO ENTICE THE U-BOATS NEAR ENOUGH FOR US TO GET A CRACK AT THEM!
WHAT A CHANCE!

IN THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE FERRY.
BART! WHY DID YOU CHANGE THE DEPTH CHARGE FROM TIME TO GO OFF ON CONTACT?
TO TRAP MALKO! SINCE THIS GADGET WORKS BY REMOTE CONTROL HE WILL KNOW OF THIS CHANGE AND HE COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO BLOW US TO SMITHEREENS. HE'LL AIM A TORPEDO AT US, AND -
AND WHAT-?

WELL, THE FLEET HAS TO SINK MALKO BEFORE HE FIRES AT US OR -!

THE FERRY WILL EXPLODE ON CONTACT! COMMENCE FIRING!
YAWOHL! NUMBER ONE TORPEDO CREW!

JUST THEN ON A DE-STROYER.
THE U-BOAT HAS JUST BEEN LOCATED OFF THE STERN! FIRE!
The U-BOAT SQUADRON IS ANNIHILATED BY THE DEPTH CHARGES!
OIL COMING UP FROM BELOW! WE'VE GOT THEM ALL! NOW SEND FOR THOSE BRAVE PEOPLE ON THE FERRY.
WE'RE TOO LATE! LOOK, SIR! THE FERRY IS GOING UNDER!
GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE GOT THE LIFE BOAT DOWN IN THE NICK OF TIME!
AND MALKO, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD EXONERATE US, HAS GONE TO THE BOTTOM TOO - BLASTED WITH HIS U-BOATS!
BY THE WAY, CHILDREN, I MANAGED TO GET THE CAP OFF THE MAIN DETONATER AT THE LAST MINUTE. SHE WON'T BOTHER ANYONE NOW!
THANK GOD THEY ESCAPED! SEND THEM THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE FLEET COMMANDER AND THIS MESSAGE...
THE FLEET COMMANDER WANTS TO SEE US, AND HE EVEN SENDS US HIS COMPLIMENTS!
NO, BOOM. WE HAVE TO KEEP ON FIGHTING FOR AMERICA FROM THE SIDELINES UNTIL THERES SOME WAY OF EXONERATING OURSELVES!
SHE'S RIGHT, BOOM. THAT'S WHAT I'LL SIGNAL.
AND THEY SIGN OFF COMPLIMENTS OF THE THREE CHEERS!
WELL, I'LL BE - !!
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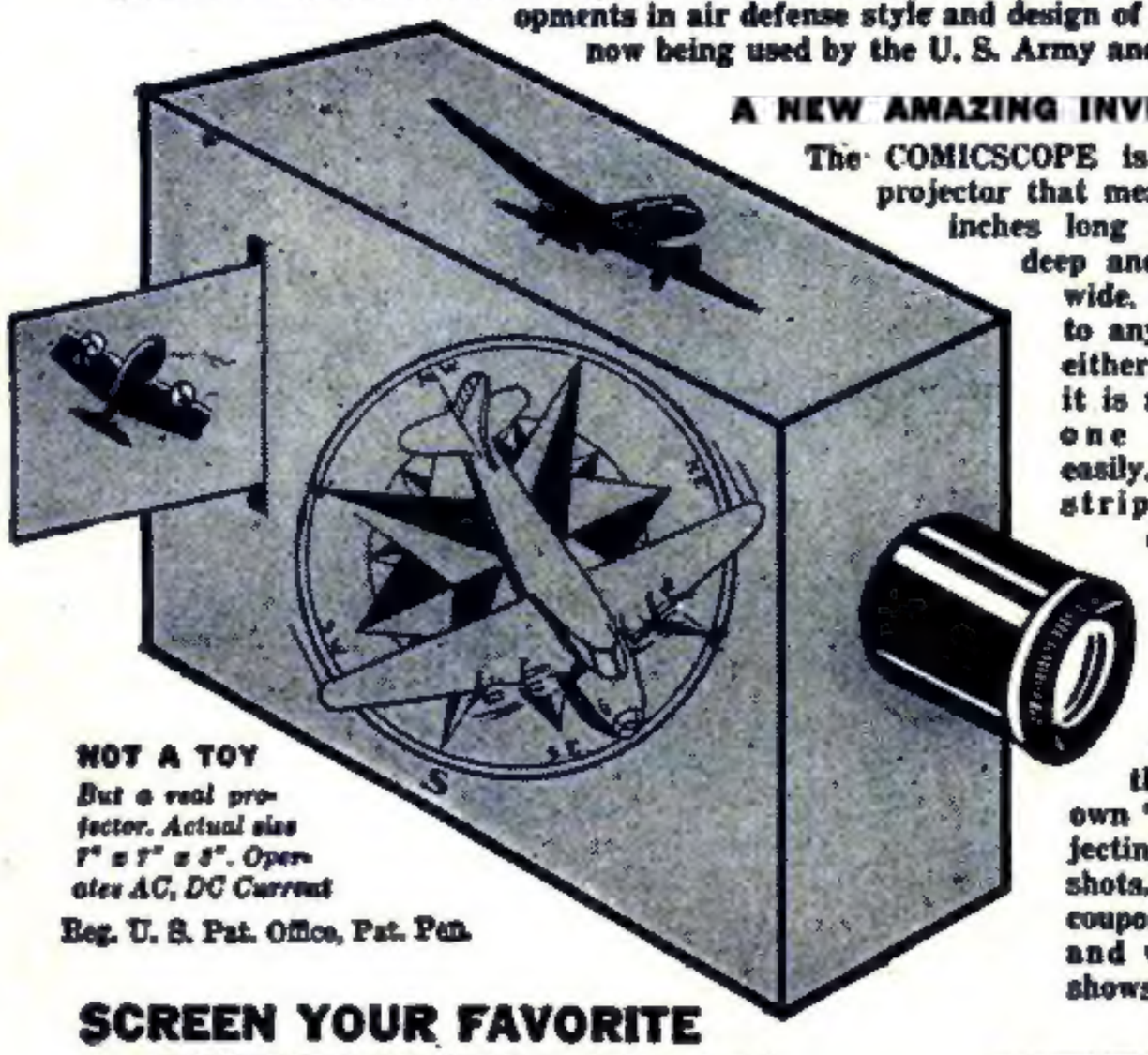

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